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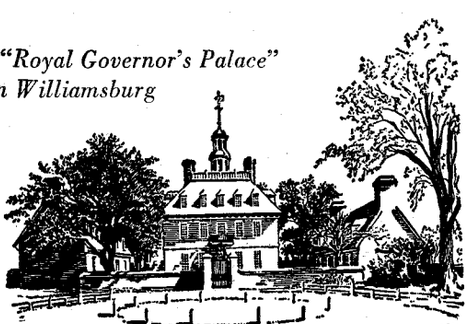
"If you want information on Virginia, write to the State Commission on Conservation and Development in Richmond. The address is Dept. "C," 914 Capitol Street."

The restored "Royal Governor's Palace" in Williamsburg



In VIRGINIA

PLAN A VIRGINIA VACATION

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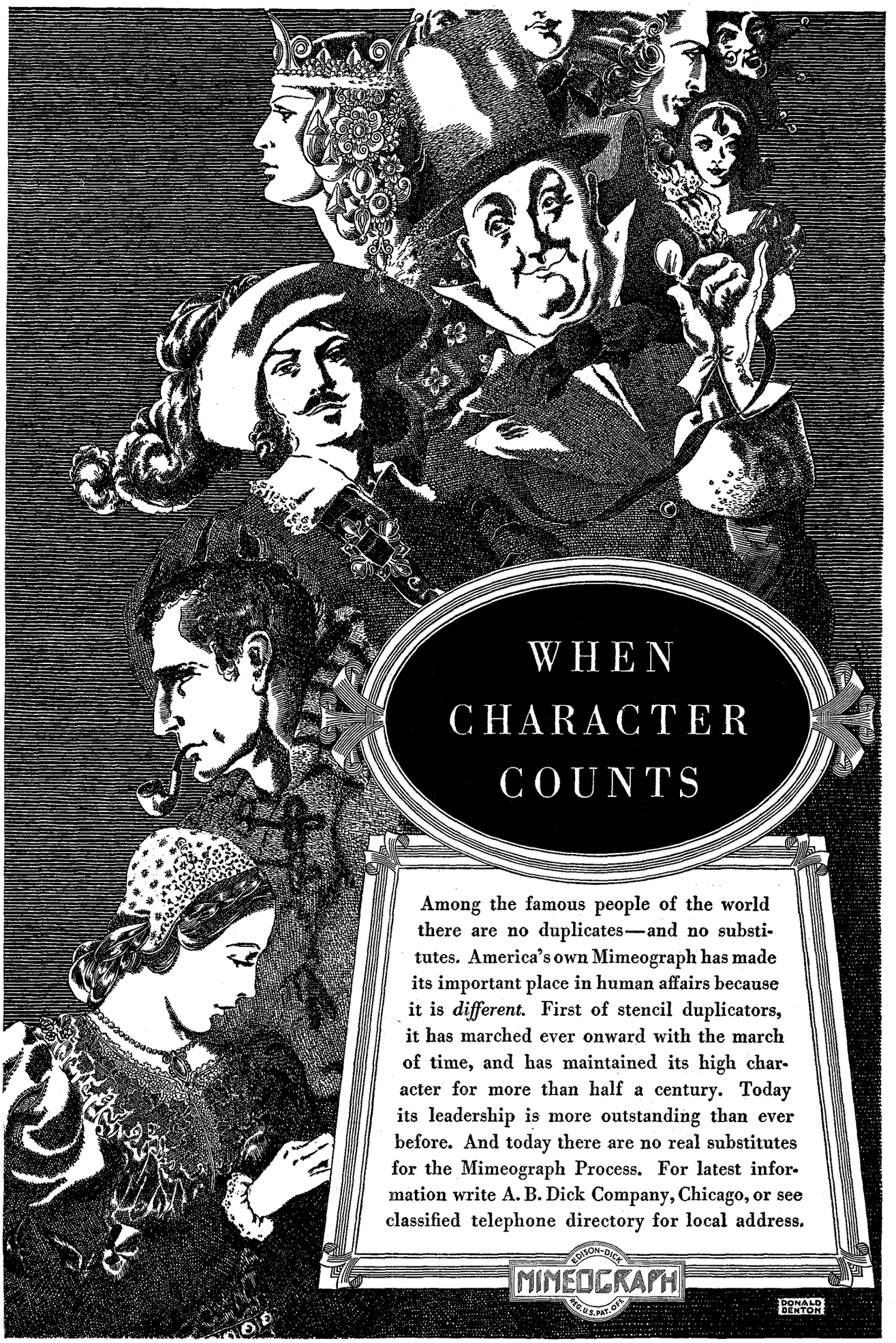
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The Literary Digest

NEW YORK, APRIL 11, 1936

TOPICS OF THE DAY

Political Jockeying in Fickle April

Roosevelt Serene Despite Dramatic Defections as Landon Bags Delegates and Borah Winds Up as Old Guard's Bugaboo

Baseball and politics vie for the favor of fickle April.

President Roosevelt throws out the first ball (see page 37); big league teams start climbing toward the October World Series.

The State of New York deals out ballots on green paper to Democrats, on cherry to Republicans, on canary to Socialists, and on scarlet to Communists; candidates start jockeying through State primaries toward the November Presidential election.

Democrats know that Franklin D. Roosevelt will be their man, despite dramatic defections. Republicans do not know who their man will be, but if the Old Guard has its way, it will not be silver-tongued Senator William E. Borah of Idaho.

Senator Borah appears in five of the six April Republican primaries, beginning with New York's, last week. Peace or strife at the Republican Convention at Cleveland in June may depend on the strength he shows in these cross-section tests.

Patly, Claudius O. Johnson, political scientist at the State College of Washington, links Borah and baseball in a cordial biography out this week: "Borah of Idaho" (Longmans, Green & Co.).

Grand in Winding Up

"It is frequently said that William E. Borah never 'goes through,'" Professor Johnson concedes. "He winds himself up grandly, in perfect form, and hurls a ball right over the plate. Strike one! He repeats the process for strike two. They wait for strike three. It does not come.

"It is not that he proceeds to walk his man after two strikes against him. He simply throws no more balls—retires from the mound—so to speak."

Senator Borah entered the pitcher's box for the Presidential contest last January.

Emerging from the souvenir-crammed study of his Washington apartment, deserting his comfortable living-room, laden with Chinese antiques, he strode into the political stadium.

Still gibing at the "interests" and the "organization" as his seventy-first birthday approached, he set out to liberalize his Party. At Brooklyn he announced that he would run for the Presidency, thus becoming the first Republican candidate for 1936.

Strike one!

Then he wound up for the April primaries.

It looked bad for him at the start. Conservative Republicans routed him in New York by electing only uninstructed delegates. Senator Borah turned his back on the enemy East and looked westward.

This week only the names of President Roosevelt and Senator Borah appeared on the ballots in Wisconsin's Presidential primaries. The chance to choose between these two liberals in the two major Parties intrigued Wisconsin's Party in power, the highly liberal Progressives.

Next Tuesday Illinois Republicans will decide whether they prefer to be represented by their adopted son, Col. Frank Knox, aggressive Chicago newspaper publisher, or by Senator Borah. The Idahoan is entered in the Nebraska Republican primaries that day also.

Two weeks later he comes before the Republican voters of Pennsylvania. Massachusetts primaries are scheduled for the same day, April 28, but Senator Borah is not entered there.

In these tests, Thomas L. Stokes of the Washington *News* sees Senator Borah as a *Don Quixote* whanging away at windmills, since his Republican opponents have not come out into the open.

Not until May 19 will there be a State-wide popular test of strength between the grim Idaho Senator and Alfred M. Landon, homespun Governor of Kansas. It will be in New Jersey, where Governor Landon filed last week.

Will these primaries permit the umpire to call strike two on Senator Borah's opponents?

If they do, the June Convention in Cleveland will give the Senator his chance to fan the Old Guard, to be knocked out of the box, or to retire from the mound and perhaps bolt the Party — something he says he has never done.

Such uncertainty prompts Arthur Krock, in the New York *Times*, to call him a "painful riddle," foreboding ill fortune for the Republicans.

Ignoring the Borah bugaboo, other Republicans went merrily on their way.

Governor Landon, far out in front for the nomination, with the largest number of delegates already instructed for him, and others friendly, listened to the optimistic reports of friends and held his counsel.

Colonel Knox kept on speaking here and there and told Chicago Saturday night how he would clear up New Deal "wreckage." Maine Republicans ratified a slate of thirteen delegates "disposed" to vote for Colonel Knox.

Vandenberg's Rôle

Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg of Michigan stayed away from the hustings, but led his colleagues in Congress in the storm of criticism against the New Deal. He became, in effect, the Senate minority leader.

Former President Herbert Hoover denied reports that he was supporting Senator Vandenberg as the Republican candidate and fired another crashing broadside against the New Deal—the seventh of a series, this time in Fort Wayne, Indiana.

But in the shadows of the political dugout may sit the man who will save the game for the Party.

SPRING TRAINING CAMP NOTES
BORAH IN TRIM FOR CLEVELAND OPENER
VANDENBERG STILL HOLDING OUT
LIBERTY LEAGUE HAS OPTION ON PEANUT CONCESSION
KNOX FAST ON THE BASES
HOOVER HAS NEW ZIP ON THE BALL
LANDON FLASHY IN OUTER GARDEN
OUR PENNANT HOPES WATCH 'EM GROW!

But Not a Line About Their Batting Averages

—Talburt in the New York World-Telegram

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Three-Way Storm of Housing

Wagner Offers Much-Mulled Bill for Low Cost Homes and Slum-Clearance as FHA Is Extended and Congress Grips Problem

The Federal housing project, as nettling to the President as to Washington correspondents charged with writing about it, had some of the sting taken away last week. The expiring Federal Housing Administration was extended and the Wagner Low Cost Housing and Slum-Clearance Bill was introduced in Congress.

To the White House, the FHA was the source of a three-way storm. Three apparently irreconcilable forces demanded individual attention. The city poor cried to have slums eradicated, middle classes demanded cheaper homes of their own, and farmers prayed for aid for their decaying farms.

Attempts by the Government to supply satisfaction to all three have not been signally a success. None the less, David Lawrence wrote for the New York *Sun* that only the Home Owners Loan Corporation and FHA had accomplished anything of value.

In WPA dabbling in low-cost housing he found bales of red tape, snarled. Slum-clearance and neighborhood projects had foundered, with subsistence homesteads in rural areas abandoned, and rural resettlement in difficulties with management and land acquisition. Mr. Lawrence cited FHA as the best and most practical of all the agencies.

This sunny estimation was not Paul Mallon's idea at all. In the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle*, Mr. Mallon called FHA the "greatest ballyhoo agency of the New Deal," and said he had found "untold promotion" even in the annual report of FHA.

Thus, tho it reported $170,584,864 of mortgages "accepted for insurance" in 1935, it did not mention that this was only 10 per cent. of the mortgages made that year. Mr. Mallon declared that FHA collected on only $95,784,967 of insured loans, and not the claimed $170,584,864. Finally, only 35 per cent. of the mortgages were new ones. The other 65 per cent. represented refinancing of old mortgages, which put no man to work, and caused not one stick of building.

When FHA authority expired last week, the Housing Administration recommended extension "as a further stimulant to durable goods industries and as an aid to home and other property owners and the jobless." Congress passed an extension bill and rushed it by plane to President Roosevelt in Florida.

The FHA extension may be the only housing bill to be passed at this session of Congress.

"Undercover Knifing"

"It looks as if one of the major legislative efforts of the Congressional Session—the Wagner Housing Bill—would get nowhere," said Drew Pearson and Robert S. Allen in the New York *Daily Mirror*. "It has been bogged down by deadly undercover knifing and general inertia."

Senator Robert F. Wagner, amiable hard-working Senator from New York, came to the United States from Germany. He spent his boyhood on New York's East Side. He speaks with feeling and from experience when he says:

"Of all the factors that have conspired to throw our economic machinery out of gear, I regard none more important than the contrast between the affluence of a few and the sordid dwellings of millions of people of the slums."

Before Congress adjourned last January, Senator Wagner had drawn up his program. President Roosevelt wanted to make a study of it, before the bill went to Congress. At that time, the whole housing situation was up for executive review, and the President hoped to coordinate the work and activities of the several housing agencies.

Peter Grimm, then assistant to Henry Morgenthau, and formerly a New York real estate operator, was assigned to the study. Grimm, in the end, favored giving the problem to private industry for solution. Senator Wagner continued to support Federal control. There followed conferences, wranglings, postponements.

Last week, almost three months after his plan was ready, Senator Wagner submitted his much-mulled bill to Congress. He did not wait for Presidential okeh.

Three Principles

"The plan is built around three principles," Senator Wagner explained. "It aims at the promotion of reemployment, the revival of private industry, and the replacement of slums.

"Public participation in a housing program must not create competition with private business with respect to a single person whom private industry can supply with decent quarters.

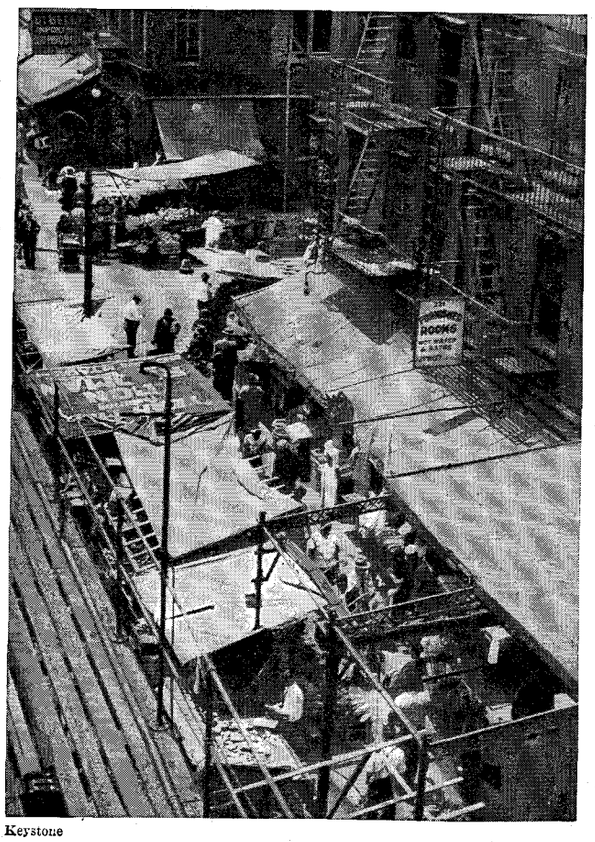
"My plan is designed to supplement what private industry will do by public contributions to make up part of the difference between what the poor can afford to pay and what decent living quarters cost.

"One dollar of government money will be expended to every thirty-nine dollars of private capital."

No time was lost by the National Public Housing Conference. Meeting in New York, it urged the President to back the Wagner Bill and voted to query all Presidential candidates on their housing stand. It warned these and others seeking election thus:

"Political representatives of the people who are still not committed to a definite stand on public housing will be in an unpleasantly hot spot during the coming election."

Meanwhile, the President fished.



Keystone

A problem still unsolved: how to replace slums with modern, low-cost housing on a large scale

Not Such Good Fishing

If a cat may look at a king, a fish may ignore a President.

Mr. Roosevelt found that out last week as he dangled a hopeful hook in the warm waters off the Florida Coast, and around the Bahamas.

On shore, while Mr. Roosevelt cruised here and there on the new Presidential yacht *Potomac*, accompanied by the destroyers *Monaghan* and *Dale*, a temporary White House was kept open at Coral Gables, a suburb of Miami. Here Marvin H. McIntyre of the Presidential Secretariat was in constant touch with his chief and with Washington. Working with him were Miss Grace Tully, personal secretary to the President, as well as two stenographers and a White House telegrapher.

Occupying the entire tenth floor of the Miami Biltmore Hotel, the temporary White House was headquarters for newspaper correspondents and photographers. From it Navy planes carried important mail to the President.

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Mr. Roosevelt's holiday recalled to editors how other Presidents passed their vacations.

Herbert Hoover's favorite retreat was the Virginia Rapidan Camp, a cluster of plain, squatty buildings, nesting in dense woods 2,500 feet up a mountainside.

Calvin Coolidge, also a fisherman, passed vacations at Swampscott, Massachusetts; in the Adirondacks; and in Wisconsin. His farthest journey on a holiday was in 1927, the year he said he "did not choose to run," when he went to the Black Hills.

Going further back, the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle* recalls that Grover Cleveland "not only fished inland waters—some of his detractors charged him with using worms—but he fished in the salt-water as well."

While Theodore Roosevelt cared nothing about fishing, according to *The Daily Eagle*, he was our only President who attained distinction as a big-game hunter. Messrs. Taft and Wilson played golf "rather badly," while Mr. Harding was fairly proficient.

Turning to the worries that afflict the occupant of the White House, *The Daily Eagle* adds:

"Mr. Roosevelt earns all the vacations he can take, and all the fish he can catch."

New Lobbyist Begins

Thomas Riggs, Jr., Princeton '37, spent his spring vacation at his home in Washington.

Thin, blond, with sharply chiseled face and sardonic smile, Tom Riggs is National Treasurer of the Veterans of Future Wars, the organization with ironic name semi-seriously formed by college boys.

At Princeton he belongs to Whig-Clio, the debating society, and the Woodrow Wilson Democratic Club. He intends to go into politics after graduation.

Lask week Tom Riggs started his political career. He presented himself to Chairman John J. O'Connor of the House Rules Committee.

"I want to know how to register as a lobbyist," he said.

Mr. O'Connor was surprized. "Lobbyist for what?" he asked, suspiciously.

"Veterans of Future Wars," said Tom Riggs.

"What's this?" Mr. O'Connor boomed. flushing lobster red, "a joke?"

"No," said Tom Riggs, "I'm serious; we want the Government to give a bonus of $1,000 to every male citizen between the ages of eighteen and thirty-six, payable June, 1965. How do I register?"

Mr. O'Connor, entering into the spirit of the thing, explained that there was no definite procedure. Lobbying was all quite informal, he explained.

"Thanks," said Tom Riggs, "then I think I'll go lobby."

Mr. Riggs had a fairly successful day. A number of grinning Senators and Representatives promised him their support.

Flushed and happy, Mr. Riggs began to look to the future.

"If I get my bonus," he said thoughtfully, "I'm going to hire John Thomas Taylor, lobbyist for the American Legion."

Townsend Plan's Change of Drivers

Reorganization Accomplished While Fording Stream of Inquiry in Congress Into Flow of Funds and "Knighthood" Methods

Two elderly men known for their gentle ways tangled in a verbal fight last week that resounded on page 1 and raised another big question mark behind the Townsend Plan.

When sixty-nine -year-old Dr. Francis E. Townsend, head of the Old Age Revolving Pensions, Ltd., broke with the seventy-three-year-old California Representative, John S. McGroarty, legislative backer of his plan, it was the second falling out among Townsend top men within a week.

The first came with the resignation of Robert E. Clements, cofounder and Secretary-Treasurer.

Last week's split came when Doctor Townsend accused Representative McGroarty of asking Townsendites in California to register in the Democratic primaries, and added that OARP could not undertake to indorse his "private political ambitions."

That was too much for Mr. McGroarty, sometimes called "Father John," a frail, gray man who left Pennsylvania thirty-five years ago to sing the glories of California and become its official "poet laureate."

"When Doctor Townsend," he said, "accuses me of political ambitions, he is talking like a fool, just like a fool."

He himself was not seeking any quarrel, but Doctor Townsend "seems to have abandoned the original plan. . . . At least he has indorsed a new idea advocated by Sheridan Downey [Doctor Townsend's attorney]. The Downey plan would involve the issuance of billions of dollars worth of additional tax-exempt bonds in lieu of the transactions tax."

One day after this exchange, and one day before a special House Committee resumed its job of burrowing into the workings of OARP, Doctor Townsend announced a new plan of "democratic management" of his 7,000-club organization.

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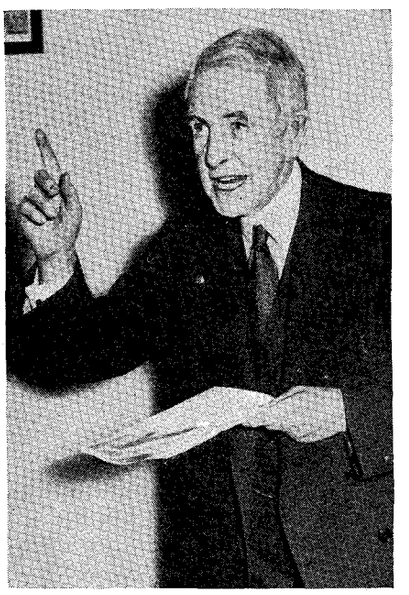
Sheridan Downey: He too has a plan



Acme

Rep. John S. McGroarty: OARP could not endorse his "private political ambitions"

Hereafter the millions of dime-a-month members will have as their Vice-President the black-haired, swarthy, heavy-set Gomer Smith, Oklahoma City lawyer; as national secretary, natty, blond Gillmore Young of San Francisco. OARP will be managed by a board of directors and nine members chosen from among its leaders, assisted by an Advisory Committee selected by the Townsend clubs.

All State managers will receive salaries, but no commissions; National headquarters will be moved from Washington to Chicago.

When the House Committee, headed by Representative C. Jasper Bell, resumed its hearing after having disclosed that the total receipts of the Townsend Plan were $952,000, testimony was given to the effect:

That the books of the OARP were in such a confused state that only an exhaustive and expensive audit could straighten them.

Legion of Knighthood

That the Townsend Plan has 11,000 $1-a-month legionnaires, known as the "knighthood of the Townsend movement," who pay dues of about $130,000 a year.

But the Townsendites express complete confidence. Gomer Smith, the new Vice-President of OARP, in a telegram to The Literary Digest, discounts the McGroarty break and says that "apparent dissension evidences strength rather than weakness."

Not only has the Congressional investigation been "a wonderful aid" to the membership drive, according to Mr. Smith, but "we count upon continued opposition, with growing bitterness from the Liberty League, the metropolitan press, and the machine politicians. All such opposition is gratefully acknowledged."

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New Deal's Tropical Laboratory

Virgin Islands Governor Goes to Washington to Seek Revision of Hotchpotch of Laws, and More Representative Home Rule

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Governor Cramer: His job is his hobby

In "The Ghost Goes West," current British motion-picture, the specter of a Scottish laird, slain two centuries ago, is commanded to go along to America with the castle he haunts.

"But I don't want to be a confounded Colonist," wails the ghost.

To-day, descendants of those Colonists have a "confounded colony" of their own —the Virgin Islands of the United States. Now, the Senate's Territories and Insular Affairs Committee is hearing a cry strangely like that raised to George III by his "confounded Colonists": More self-government.

One in twenty-two inhabitants of the three cedar-crested Virgin Islands, St. Thomas, St. John, and St. Croix, can vote. Suffrage in these "jewels of the Caribbean" is restricted to males "of unblemished character" and of twenty-five or more years. Also, voters must have lived there five years, and be citizens of the Islands or of the United States.

Furthermore, they must own property yielding an annual rent of $60, or must earn $300 a year. On the largest Island, St. Thomas, the property rental requirement is $140.

Hotchpotch of Laws

Gov. Lawrence W. Cramer, "a damned good man" to his superior, Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes, is at Washington to tell the Senators what he thinks should be done in revising the hotchpotch of laws now governing the Islands.

For one thing, the young, vigorous pro-consul would make all members of the two Colonial Councils elective for two-year terms. Now, one-third of the members are appointed. Also, after the November 3 election, he would have the suffrage extended to all males and females twenty-one or over who can read and write.

His bill would equalize the representation of all districts in these Councils, with one Councilor for each 1,000 population, or a total of twenty-five.

But some of the Islanders who went to Washington with an alternate bill do not like that, for it would mean that there would not be so many Councilors. Also, some Islanders would like to revert to Navy Department rule.

Altho both drafts presented to the Committee are basically the same, and provide for home-rule, the insular representatives' bill is considered as offering greater autonomy. The Committee may strike a compromise between the two proposals.

Some attention may be devoted to foreign patterns of colonial rule. Britain, France, and The Netherlands administer their colonial possessions with varying degress of success, but all with greater success than the United States has had.

When *Uncle Sam*, in 1917, after dickering with Denmark since 1867, paid $25,000,000 for the Danish West Indies, former name for the Virgin Islands, he sent the Navy to take charge. Parenthetically, *Uncle Sam*, in 1867, paid Russia $7,200,000 for Alaska.

President Hoover called the Virgin Islands "an effective poorhouse." President Roosevelt put them under the Department of the Interior.

Bewildered Natives

But the dusky natives seem bewildered and somewhat resentful in the New Deal's tropical laboratory.

Civilization has lightly touched descendants of African slaves. Their ideas are as strange as the jungle. Witch-doctors wield power over those who believe in jumbies and werewolves. Houses are barred at night against evil spirits.

Their American Governor rules them with sympathetic understanding. He hopes his program is concrete and realistic in meeting demands for more autonomy.

When he went to talk to the Senators, the slim, blue-eyed six-footer's ash-blond hair appeared startlingly over his deep tan from the tropical sun. Tho he is square-jawed, his manner is mild and unassuming.

Before committees he is soft-spoken, yet outspoken when he tells what's in his liberal mind. He talks frankly, and fluently.

His informal insular administration is popular with his charges.

One part of his program is economy.

Meanwhile, as Washington's legislative mills slowly grind, life in the Virgin Islands continues to take its cue from the weather. There are months of somnolent, tropical calm. Then a furious hurricane.

There's nothing Washington can do to change that.

"Big Bill" Out of Limbo

Ex-Mayor Reenters Politics as Charges Fly in Chicago

"They don't count 'em, they weigh 'em."

That, a wag once said, is how Chicago ballots are tallied.

As Chicagoans prepare to vote, on April 14, in the hottest Republican and Democratic primaries in years, civic groups and business associations are raising the cry that both sides are trying to "fix" elections.

There are charges that registration-lists have been padded with fake names of flop-house floaters who will help kite ballot-counts whichever way desired. "Stinging," wherein another steals a duly-qualified voter's name, is reported.

These accusations have jolted ex-Mayor William Hale Thompson from a political limbo forced upon him in 1931. A Republican, he has one favorite candidate on a G.O.P. ticket he once dominated.

"The Builder"

William Hale Thompson, of good family and inherited wealth, has prospered managing real-estate interests left by his father, and other real-estate interests of his own. He has traveled extensively, and, when not campaigning, reveals considerable culture.

One token of his success is his nickname —"Big Bill, the Builder." Many public improvements which make Chicago an imposing metropolis are his work. "The Builder" says he wants no more election frauds to blacken that city.

"My point is that the Attorney General has the power to stop it, and I've got the right candidate for Attorney General—Tommy Sullivan."

Tho there will be greater vigilance at every polling-place, County Judge Edmund K. Jarecki, head of the election machinery, commented:

"Still, I do not believe that election frauds in recent years have been as flagrant as they were back ten years ago."

Acme

William Hale Thompson ("Big Bill, the Builder") fights election frauds

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Chemurgy in Political Lexicon

It Means Conversion of Farm Products Into Basic Materials for Industry, and It Is Rolling on Tongues of Republicans

"Chemurgy" is primping for its début in politics.

Paint, varnish, and plastics from soybeans; artificial wool from casein extracted from dry milk; alcohol from fruit; shoe-buckles, safety-glass and fountain-pens from wood and cotton; other industrial adaptations of farm products—that is what is now promised by "chemurgy."

Ten years ago Dr. Charles Holmes Herty, director of the Pulp and Paper Laboratory of Industrial Commerce of Savannah, and Dr. William Jay Hale, research consultant for the Dow Chemical Company, went partridge-hunting in the sand-hills of Michigan. After lunch, while their guides slept, they got to talking about the future of cellulose and starch.

Doctor Hale was convinced that, while part of the farm crop necessarily must be devoted to food and clothes, such uses were limited, and, beyond them, an outlet for the farm surplus would be raw material for the organic-chemical industry. He began writing about it.

To-day, he found, one farmer out of five can ably fill all the nation's needs in the way of food and clothes. As agriculture advances, 50,000,000 acres of properly fertilized land could take care of these needs. Products of the rest of the 973,000,000 acres physically available for farming must be directed to other channels.

Last year, industrialists, economists, scientists, and farm leaders took up the idea, gathered at Dearborn, Michigan, and formed the Farm Chemurgic Council.

Three hundred of them signed a "Declaration of Dependence Upon the Soil," and heard Doctor Hale, Irénée du Pont, Harper Sibley, and Col. Frank Knox, among others, pay their dues to chemurgy.

There was an almost unanimous absence of praise for the New Deal's efforts to solve the farm problem in other ways.

Call for New Cause

Within the last fortnight a Western group, inspired by the Dearborn Conference, gathered in California's raisin-capital, Fresno, anxious to awaken the nation to the cause of chemurgy.

Backers of the movement envisioned a new income of $26,000,000 a year for the farmers from the use of waste materials of California vegetables alone.

Carl B. Fritsche, who presided, scoffed at the idea that there are no new frontiers to be conquered, and that the farm problem can be solved by enacting statutes.

Dr. Alonzo Englebert Taylor, of Stanford University's Food Research Institute, who goes walking in the hills behind the Stanford Campus with Herbert Hoover, thanked scientists for hitting upon the idea for which economists have been waiting for years.

Dr. Francis Patrick Garvan, ruddy and robust, President of the Chemical Foundation, Inc., is preparing to preside at a second Dearborn Conference, in May. He links his faith in chemurgy with an intense nationalism, and a confidence in American self-sufficiency inherited from his Irish father, who came to America during the potato famine of 1848.

He thinks that if the idea catches on it can solve the problems of the unemployed, the farmer, and the industrialist. But, he told The Literary Digest last week, it has kept clear of politics, and must continue to do so.

Ewing Galloway

A soy-bean plant, source of paint, varnish, and plastics

Rolling Phrase

Nevertheless, politicians are adding the word chemurgy to their lexicon. Republicans, particularly, may be heard here and there rolling it over their tongues.

It sounds better to them than the unwieldy Soil Conservation and Domestic Allotment of the New Deal, now being familiarized under its harsh nickname.

SCADA, dug up hastily to assuage farmers for the loss of crop-control checks through Supreme Court action, and to halt "mining" of the soil by perpetual planting, gets a mixed welcome in farm areas, where Secretary of Agriculture Henry A. Wallace is putting its machinery in motion.

Newspapers in farm communities are only about three to two in favor of the plan.

The case for SCADA, as presented by Edward O'Neil, President of the American Farm Bureau Federation:

"The SCADA Act is simpler of administration, and more flexible than the AAA. It is adaptable to widely varying conditions, and conforms to constitutional limitations. It is in the interest of the entire nation, permitting all cooperating farmers complete individual operating freedom. It is designed to safeguard consumers against gluts and famines. Farmers believe more than ever in the necessity of production control similar to the control exercised by industry and labor."

For the prosecution, Wilbert Ivanhoe Drummond, director of the American Agricultural Institute:

"The present farm act is fundamentally wrong. It is not adapted to general application, because erosion is not a universal problem, in most cases being within the farmer's power to control, as many have done. It would be just as logical to pay a man for taking care of his machinery, or other property, as to pay him for taking care of his land. It is impossible to administer the act in fairness to all farmers or even to a majority."

SCADA *vs.* AAA

With chemurgy standing in the wings, and SCADA enjoying the spotlight, the old AAA, recalling the recent indignity of the Supreme Court hook, cringed under further insult last week.

The request of Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg that the Administration publish the names of all those who had received crop-benefit checks in excess of $10,000 produced the following sequel:

Reporters thought they heard Secretary Wallace say in a press conference that publication of such a list would lead to the kidnaping of the "farmer's daughter."

Senator Vandenberg snapped back: "If the farmer that I've shown got $298,000 for not raising 14,000 hogs has a daughter, she must be without a soul, for the farmer was a corporation."

The next day Secretary Wallace made it read "dollar," not "daughter."

Early this week Secretary Wallace offered the Senate a preliminary list of large benefit payments under the old control program. He showed that one Florida sugar corporation had received more than $1,000,000.

Politicians on both sides hoped that this sowing would reap its harvest in votes. Meanwhile, the farmers, innocent cause of it all, busied themselves with turning up the loose earth for spring planting.

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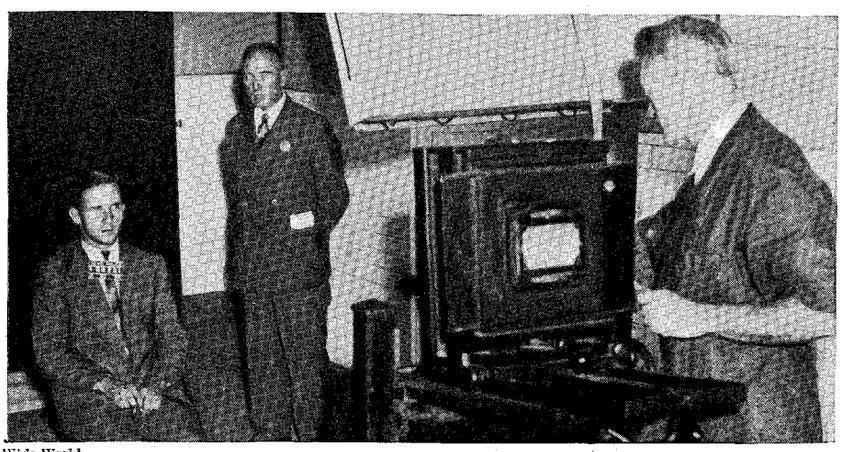
Nightmarish End of Hauptmann

Electrocution of Convicted Murderer of Lindbergh Baby Carried Out After "Cat-and-Mouse Exhibition that Shocked the World"



Wide World

Bruno Richard Hauptmann posed for the New York Police Department almost nineteen months ago; since then, others have entered the picture of the Lindbergh case, including—

"The Hauptmann trial was a circus, and the final stages of the case degenerated into a cat-and-mouse exhibition that shocked the world."

Thus the San Francisco *Chronicle* expresses the horror registered by a large section of the American press, as well as that of England and France, over the last days of Bruno Richard Hauptmann, convicted murderer of the Lindbergh baby.

This case, says the Providence *News-Tribune*, "has demonstrated once more, and more spectacularly than ever before, the need for a good house-cleaning in the American bar."

When Hauptmann, protesting his innocence to the end, shuffled to the electric chair on Friday night, April 3, he provided a climax for a nightmarish turmoil of events that had kept State officials and veteran newspaper men bewildered for days. Up to within a few hours of the execution, nobody, it seemed, knew whether he would die or not.

Maze of Complications

Complications in the case developed fast last January after Gov. Harold G. Hoffman granted Hauptmann a thirty-day reprieve. Immediately it was charged that the Governor sought to make the case a vehicle for his political ambitions. The Governor returned the fire, maintaining that Hauptmann was not the sole participant in the crime and that his trial "reeked with unfairness." He continued his own investigation.

In the midst of these battles, Hauptmann was resentenced to die and the day was fixed for Tuesday, March 31. Two days before, another complication came with the announcement that Paul H. Wendel, a disbarred Trenton attorney, had confessed the kidnaping. He repudiated the confession, declaring that it had been wrung from him by torture after he had been kidnaped himself. His case then went to the Grand Jury of Mercer County.

On Tuesday Hauptmann was made ready for the electric chair. Fifteen minutes before he was to begin his last walk, Allyne Freeman, foreman of the Grand Jury, telephoned the Warden of the New Jersey State Prison at Trenton and had the execution postponed.

Rumors flew that Governor Hoffman would grant a new reprieve, altho he had said he would not.

At 7:30 P.M. Friday the Governor sent word that there would be no new reprieve. At 8:47½ Hauptmann was dead.

The next day, as a motor hearse carrying his body led newspaper men in a mad chase back to a New York City crematory, demands were being made for a legislative investigation of the entire case, including Governor Hoffman's actions, with hints that impeachments might be sought. The Governor said he welcomed such an investigation.

At the same time former Representative Franklin W. Fort, accusing the Governor of "dragging his high office into the mire," challenged him to a primary fight for the post of delegate-at-large to the Republican National Convention.

Meanwhile, Federal agents were cooperating with New Jersey and New York City officials in investigating Wendel's charge that he had been kidnaped in New York City, tortured into a confession, taken to New Jersey, and confined in a home for the feeble-minded.

A nation-wide survey of the press made by THE LITERARY DIGEST shows little doubt in the minds of editors that Hauptmann was justly convicted.

"Justice, at last, has caught up," remarks the Springfield *Union*, and the Denver *Post* says that Hauptmann deserved the fate he met "and worse." The Los Angeles *Times*, however, thinks that "his worst enemy would have wished him a swifter and more merciful end."

The note running all through the comment is the hope, as expressed by the Buffalo *Courier-Express*, that "never again will the bench, bar, press, radio, and public repeat the many ghoulish mistakes of the Lindbergh case, just closed."

On the night that Hauptmann finally went to his death, the principal figures in the Lindbergh case were scattered far and wide.

In Weald, Kent, England, were Col. Charles A. Lindbergh, his wife, and their second son, Jon.

"Jafsie" in Bronx

In the Bronx, New York City, was the famous "Jafsie," Dr. John F. Condon, elderly school-teacher, who had turned over $50,000 ransom money to a man in a New York City cemetery.

In Glasgow, Scotland, was Miss Betty Gow, nurse to Charles A. Lindbergh, Jr.

In Leavenworth Prison was Gaston B. Means, who was convicted of swindling Mrs. Evalyn McLean of Washington, out of $104,000 on false representation that he had established contact with the kidnapers. A few days before Hauptmann was executed, prison officials said Means "confessed" the kidnaping.

Mrs. Hauptmann and her son, Manfried, were in New York City, planning to remain a few months before returning to Germany.

In Norfolk, Virginia, was John Hughes Curtis, who confessed a hoax in the search for the Lindbergh baby, was convicted of obstructing justice, and fined $1,000.

Principals in the case who have died since the kidnaping, on March 1, 1932, were Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Whately, butler and housekeeper at the Lindbergh home. Violet Sharpe, a servant employed by Mrs. Dwight Morrow, Mrs. Lindbergh's mother, committed suicide a few months after the kidnaping.

Acme, Wide World

—(left to right) Governor Hoffman of New Jersey; Gaston B. Means; Ellis Parker, detective; and Paul H. Wendel, who repudiated his alleged confession

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Topics in Brief

LAFAYETTE, don't expect us.—*Brunswick (Ga.) Pilot.*

RAILROAD stocks were strong last week on announcement of the new Notre Dame schedule.—*Forbes.*

CANADA'S House of Commons has approved the trade treaty with U. S. Maybe we'd better read it again.—*Mobile (Ala.) Times.*

IF the trend to lighter trains and heavier buses continues, soon the trains will be stopping for grade crossings.—*Mobile Register.*

THEY think now that Hitler got out of the interior decorating game because he handled wall-paper like a treaty.—*Portland Morning Oregonian.*

ACTOR MCLAGLEN wants to make his fans forget he once was a fighter. He might study how Primo Carnera did it.—*Jackson (Miss.) Daily News.*

HERBERT HOOVER is furnishing America with something it has seldom seen: A man who would rather be wrong than be President.—*Utica (N. Y.) Daily Press.*

THE March income tax receipts are quite encouraging, but the Treasury has not given us any report on how the various brackets turned out. We judge from what our friends tell us that all this money has come from people who haven't any.—*Howard Brubaker in The New Yorker.*

AN aviation engineer says that within ten years we shall be traveling 500 miles an hour through the air. He, maybe, not us.—*American Lumberman.*

A NEW YORK couple who have been married, divorced, and remarried, are now understood to be living in a demilitarized zone.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

WOMEN Democratic speakers are advised to banish stage fright by yawning, but it won't work when the audience begins to yawn back.—*Louisville Times.*

THE only punishment meted out to the five Dionnes is being stood in a corner —which is a very good trick in a four-cornered room.—*Richmond (Va.) News-Leader.*

JOSEPH STALIN runs Russia on a salary of a bit more than $3 a day. We haven't heard, but perhaps some member of his family helps out by writing a column.—*Troy (N. Y.) Record.*

THERE is some doubt as to which constituted the greatest menace to the freedom of the press, the FCC's seizure of Hearst's telegram to his underlings, or the telegram, itself.—*Springfield Union.*

THE peasant women of Russia have been ordered to work six days a year on the roads. If they do well at it Stalin lets them have a few days every summer to rest up in a coal-mine.—*H. I. Phillips in New York Sun.*

A STONEHAM doctor is wondering who can be sending him dollar bills in the mail every day. Maybe it's an extortionist on a vacation.—*Boston Transcript.*

IN Indiana an unidentified man who was felled by a motor-car got up and streaked down a dark alley. The hit-and-run pedestrian, we believe, is new.—*Detroit News.*

TALK about inconsistency! A while back Jimmy Walker announced that he was going to give up his old habit of staying up all night, and now he has adopted an infant!—*Boston Herald.*

SUPPOSE a hearer of a candidate's speech knew no English, and it was necessary to have it interpreted. The speech would take an hour or so to deliver. "He say," the interpreter would nutshell, "Roosevelt no good. He say he good."—*F. P. A. in New York Herald Tribune.*

DEAN of a Nebraska college reports that a study of the students' conversation indicates only seven-tenths of 1 per cent. of the boys and two-tenths of 1 per cent. of the girls are interested in economic and social matters. A bunch of politicians wouldn't show up much worse than that.—*Cleveland Press.*

MR. HEARST thinks it is a horrible trespass upon constitutional personal rights for the Senate to seize private telegrams. So it would seem to be. But what was it when a little while ago Mr. Hearst was demanding of Congress that it seize the records, papers and ransack the files of American universities to see if seditious and communistic hotbeds might not be discovered?—*Charlotte (N. C.) Observer.*

"Slip This on a Minute Just for Size"
—*Duffy in the Baltimore* Sun

Investigation
—*Scott in the Portland* Morning Oregonian

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Europe Marching Back to 1914

Army General Staffs Confer, Diplomats Arrange Alliances, Setting Stage to Form Striking Parallels to That on Eve of World War

Europe's Vast Armed Camp

The vast preparations which the nations of Europe are making for the eventuality of another war are shown in the following tabulation, compiled by the United Press:

Nation	*Standing Armies (Estimated)*	*Reserves*	*Pre-War Armies*	*Air-planes*
Britain	337,000	1,000,000	414,000	1,750
Russia	1,300,000	2,500,000	108,000	3,000
Germany	600,000	1,000,000	718,000	2,800
France	684,000	4,000,000	975,000	4,000
Italy	979,000	1,250,000	293,000	3,700
Poland	273,000	700,000	192,000	800
Belgium	67,000	600,000	30,000	250
Austria	70,000	200,000	57,000	Unknown
Bulgaria	23,000	33,000	52,000	Unknown
Hungary	35,000	35,000	66,000	Unknown
Yugoslavia	140,000	150,000	153,000	580
Czechoslovakia	150,000	240,000	74,000	687
Greece	67,000	70,000	67,000	119
Holland	60,000	75,000	35,000	32
Rumania	180,000	200,000	160,000	320
Spain	180,000	180,000	86,000	500
Switzerland	45,000	450,000	3,600	240

With 5,500,000 men under arms and 7,000,000 awaiting the bugle-call to the colors, Europe last week watched itself plunging desperately along the roads which led to 1914.

In April, 1914, the General Staffs of Britain and France were arranging action in the event that mightily armed Germany struck westward. Last week, they were preparing for similar action.

In April, 1914, France and Russia had an alliance against the contingency of a German attack. Last week, they had the same arrangement.

In April, 1914, Britain was playing the rôle of "honest broker" between the Austro-Germans and the Franco-Russians. Last week, Britain had assumed the same rôle in the Rhineland crisis.

In April, 1914, Italy sat squarely on the fence, waiting to see which side offered the best terms. Last week, Italy straddled the same fence.

In April, 1914, Europe staggered under its burden of arms. Last week, the Europe of 1936 made the Europe of 1914 look like a shooting-gallery.

To what extent this ominous parallel might be carried to the explosion of August, 1914, depended in a large measure upon a man who in those fateful days was an obscure Austrian.

Master of Germany to-day, Adolf Hitler sent Europe hurtling perilously near this explosion last week by deadlocking efforts to settle his occupation of the Rhineland.

Britain, France, and Belgium, frightened, had thereupon exchanged promises of mutual assistance and called a conference of their General Staffs.

From these contacts Britain and France hope to devise a program of concerted action similar to the famous "Plan 17" of French strategy, basis of Franco-British collaboration in 1914.

This program, of a purely technical character, will be confined to coordination of forces and arranging of army transport, air-force bases, airdromes, base depots, aerial defense details.

The conference carries out secret Franco-British military contacts begun as early as 1906. They were revealed in 1912 and both nations had to exchange letters denying they constituted an alliance. Last November the Italo-Ethiopian War sent France and Britain huddling together in naval conversations.

The military master minds of the three countries organized this new parley. Britain had Gen. Sir Cyril John Deverell, sixty-one, the newly-appointed Chief of the Imperial General Staff, fighter and strategist, veteran of Indian service; France, Gen. Maurice Gamelin, generalissimo of the French armies, the small, gray, sixty-three-year-old aide-de-camp to Marshal Joffre; Belgium, Maj. Gen. E. M. Van den Bergen, fifty-seven, expert on frontier defenses, who took part in the Rhineland occupation after the World War.

Shiver of Alarm

Last week the summoning of the conference sent a shiver of alarm through official Germany. Chancellor Hitler said:

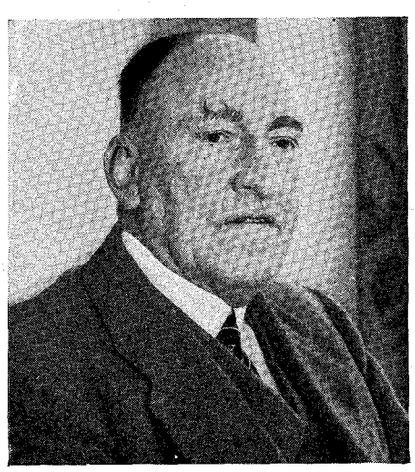
"As is obvious from her offer, Germany has no intention of ever attacking France or Belgium. And, taking into consideration France's colossal armaments and enormous fortresses on her eastern frontier, it is well known that such an attack would be senseless from a purely military point of view alone."

The scare which sent the three nations into each other's arms was a 3,000-word German note containing counter proposals for settlement of the Rhine crisis.

Aside from omitting any pledge not to fortify the Rhine, the German proposals carried slight concessions. One was not to augment the Army in the next four months on condition that France and Belgium likewise do not; another, a suggestion for an international commission to supervise such an arrangement.

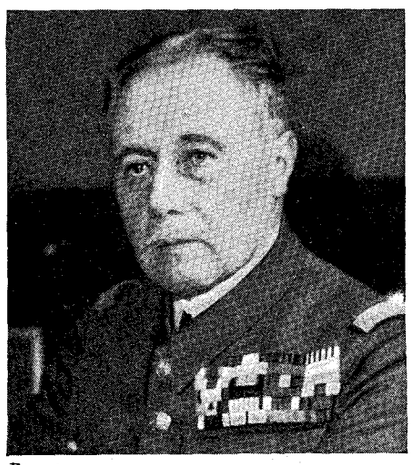
Britain found in them no "positive contribution" toward easing the tension. Foreign Secretary Eden nevertheless held the door open for further negotiations.

As the Locarno Powers cast anxious glances, Chancellor Hitler, exhausted from a week of election and diplomacy, retired to his Bavarian mountain chalet.



Wide World

Globe



European

Key figures in the conferences of Army General Staffs called to discuss Germany's latest military threat: (left to right) *Gen. Sir Cyril John Deverell of England, Maj. Gen. E. M. Van den Bergen of Belgium, and Gen. Maurice Gamelin of France*

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Bearding British Lion at Tana

Italians Forging Near to Sacred, Magic Lake, Source of Blue Nile, and Flow of Soil Deposits for Anglo-Egyptian Sudan

Long before the Pharaohs built the pyramids, long before history was written, Egypt was the granary of the world, largely because of the riches sacred Lake Tana tumbled in its barren lap.

A water mirror of 1,350 square miles, this inland sea is tranquil in the savage mountain tangle of northwest Ethiopia, Amhara Province—ancient Abyssinia.

Grassy plains are lush. Fine cattle, wild coffee, and beds of tall papyrus await the invader there a mile above the sea. Tho only twelve degrees from the equator, Amhara escapes the torrid heat and fevers of the lowlands. On forest-clad isles monks long ago broke their weird, barbaric rites to build shrines filled with gold and jewels and tombs for Emperors.

Behind a natural immense basalt dam eight miles thick, Tana's pure green water is ponded back for forty miles. With a mighty roar the green water hurdles over a rock shelf to start the Blue Nile cutting knifelike through a stupendous canyon on its way to the Anglo- Egyptian Sudan plain.

At palm-fringed Khartum, the galloping river joins its twin, the milky White Nile, which rushes to it from Victoria Nyanza, central Africa. The Blue providing the rich soil deposits and the White the water volume, they roll together to the Mediterranean—a tide of chocolate-brown silt.

From this narrow trough of earthy treasure, rainless Egypt and the Sudan have got their daily bread for 5,000 years. Upon its control the Liverpool cotton market and the Lancashire mills look for their future cotton supply.

White Cargo

Where to-day a mere 550,000 acres are under cultivation, millions of acres in the Sudan alone wait for the white cargo.

From February to July the Blue Nile's flow is insufficient; July to September sees the Ethiopian torrents fill its banks when the water is not needed.

Ever since Khartum fell to Kitchener fifty years ago Britain has pondered the question of correcting this irregularity by building a gigantic dam at Lake Tana.

England's first overtures were in 1902. Emperor Menelik, great-uncle of the present Haile Selassie, bound himself not to interfere with the Blue Nile or Tana without first consulting Britain or the Sudan. In 1915 Britain, France, and Italy agreed to safeguard Britain's interest in the watershed.

Ten years later Italy extracted from Britain recognition of her "rights" to a reasonable share of Tana's precious flow for her arid Red Sea colony of Eritrea. In 1930 the Ethiopian and Sudanese Governments agreed to give the J. G. White Engineering Company of New York a concession to build a dam and a road from the lake to Addis Ababa.

Surveys were made and a conference was called for last May to sign agreements. Italy, however, made representations, and, as the Italo-Ethiopian war-clouds were thickening, England backed out, and the parley never took place.

In June, Sir John Harris wrote in the London *Daily Herald:* "This lake, sacred to the Abyssinians, essential to Egypt and the Sudan, coveted by Italy, and of 'vital interest' to Great Britain, will in time emerge as the predominant factor in this African struggle."

When British battle-ships scudded into the Mediterranean last December, the word "Tana" was whispered around council tables of war-frightened Europe. When Premier Mussolini accepted "in principle" the League's peace offer last month, correspondents wrote he had asked for a guaranty of Italian rights at Tana.

Region Raided

Last week, Britain in the Sudan was still six days by muleback from Lake Tana. The Italians, in a sensational raid, were there; plumped down at Gondar, former Ethiopian capital twenty miles from the serene water, where the Portuguese built palaces 300 years ago.

To carry out this dramatic twist of the British Lion's tail, Achilles Starace, Secretary General of the Fascist Party, went expressly from Rome six weeks ago. Right hand man of Il Duce, ergo second in command in Italy, Starace took part in the March on Rome in 1922.

He rose steadily in Party councils and won promotion for his work in youth and sport organizations. He is forty-seven, a fashion-plate in uniform or mufti, likes to ride and ski, but unlike his master, he is a heavy eater, wine-drinker, and smoker.

Starace arrived empty-handed with a blackshirt militia Lieutenant General's commission. For his expedition he picked 5,000 Bersaglieri and blackshirts, all physical giants, all acclimated to the tropics and fired by Spartan courage.

On the eve of the dash he exploded like a Roman candle:

"This is the most risky, most difficult, and most important venture of the campaign. Do not waste a shot. Fire coolly and coldly when necessary."

Challenge to England

As a challenge to England, he added:

"They thought they would mass a war-fleet in the Mediterranean and Premier Mussolini would take off his hat and bow in submission. Instead, he reared up like a thoroughbred horse and sent his soldiers into Africa."

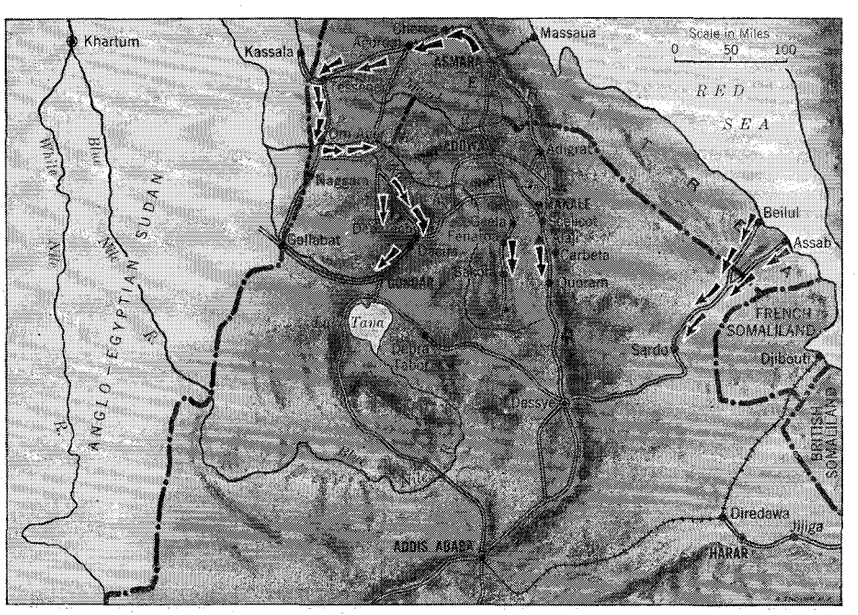
The next morning 500 trucks and cars (mostly American), twenty armored cars towing .75's and a machine-gun and motorcycle company swung in a serpentine column out of Asmara, Eritrea, on a flat terrain baked to enamel hardness.

It cut a huge semicircle, skirting the Sudanese border (see map), and plunged southward over the almost inaccessible slopes to Gondar. A column of black Askaris barefoot, regal in tall, blue-tasseled red fezzes and khaki uniforms guarded the Ethiopian-exposed flank. Droning Capronis scouted overhead.

Early last week, twelve days out, the sweating, dust-caked Starace column rumbled into Gondar. Not an Ethiopian soldier was within miles. Not a shot had been fired. In fact, the friendly natives cheered the Italians.

Scouts sped on to magic Tana, dipping their saucy mountain hats and quenching fiery thirsts in the cool waters of the sacred lake.

The net military result of this thrust was to cut off all of northern Ethiopia from



Upper left arrows trace the circuitous route followed by Italy's flying column in its surprize raid on the Lake Tana region. Right arrows show the invasion of northeastern Ethiopia by another flying column. The two center arrows indicate the area where Emperor Haile Selassie's personal army made a stand last week

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radiating caravan-routes. From an international view-point, because the results were chiefly political, it was the most important activity of the war to date.

In Rome it was recalled that Mussolini repeatedly had given assurance that British interests in Tana would not be violated. But this, it was also recalled, was before sanctions were imposed.

"British interests, such as they have been defined in the protocol [of 1925], will most assuredly be safeguarded," said *La Tribuna* of Rome. Shrewdly, it then points out: "The protocol limited them to the waters of Lake Tana."

Cartoons Reprinted

Inspired by a fear of what Britain might do, Italians got off to another outcropping of anti-British feeling. Students angrily demonstrated before the British Embassy and Consulate.

Newspapers dug up anti-British cartoons used during the Boer War and republished them.

Devilish Desert

Rome's joy over Tana almost completely submerged interest in two other important maneuvers. Italian headquarters in northern Ethiopia announced that Emperor Haile Selassie, reenforced by his crack Imperial Guard, had been defeated. In the northeast, the Italians announced that a column had pushed 220 miles from Assab, on the Red Sea to Fort Sardo, key-city of the Aussa Sultanate, skirting the devilish Danakil desert.

Despite conflicting statements by both sides, the Negus Negusti appeared to be getting the worst of it. Italy saw the back of the war broken.

As the week ended "little rains" set in, Addis Ababa got its baptismal fire from the air and Premier Mussolini announced: "Victory is within our grasp."

New Austrian Conscription

Under the St. Germain Treaty, signed at the close of the World War, Austria was allowed a Regular Army of 30,000 men. Last year the Powers added 8,000 more.

In addition, Austria can count upon 60,000 Heimwehrmen (Home Guards), 40,000 Catholic Storm troops, 12,000 Freiheitsbund (Freedom League) men and 12,000 Federal and Viennese police.

Making a total of 162,000 Regular and semimilitary soldiers, they would seem strong enough to guard a country of 32,000 square miles with a population of 6,700,000. Yet last week Austria deemed them insufficient.

Duplicating Germany's action of a year ago, the Austrian Diet rushed through a decree proclaiming universal military conscription for all males between the ages of eighteen and forty-two. They will serve in both labor and military services.

News of the conscription sent a shock through the Balkans. For the most part the Powers passed it over lightly. Austria, as a matter of fact, had long ago started violating the St. Germain treaty.

Sparks in "World's Tinder-Box"

Japanese and Mongolians, Fighting for Fish in Tiny Lake, Get Into Pitched Battle With Cannons, Armored Cars, and Planes

Sovfoto

Interested parties in the Outer Mongolian border clashes: Tamekichi Ota, Japanese Ambassador at Moscow (left), *and B. S. Stomoniakoff, Soviet Vice Commissar for Foreign Affairs*

A few tons of fish threatened last week to cause another war.

Lake Bor, on the border between Manchukuo and Outer Mongolia, is a tiny body of water in a huge basin without an outlet. Spring rains spread the lake to a width of thirty miles.

On its surface, with boundary-lines obliterated by flood waters, Japanese and Mongolians fight for fish, which are a luxury in this barren land. Last week these fishermen's fights developed into pitched battles, with cannons, armored motor-cars, and airplanes involved.

Behind the fishermen stood two rival powers, Japan and Soviet Russia, both armed to the teeth. For several days, while sharp notes shuttled between Tokyo and Moscow, sparks flew furiously from "the tinder-box of the world."

Since 1931 Japan has been driving the wedge of her Continental Asiatic empire deeper into northern China. For her crowded island millions, Japan needs land and colonial markets.

Arc of Safety

Another motive is the fear of air attack from the Soviets, whose Far Eastern port of Vladivostok is less than 600 miles from Japan's great industrial cities. By pushing out her frontiers in a great arc from the Sea of Okhotsk, on the north, to the Gulf of Chihli below Korea, Japan hopes to feel safer.

That is why, in 1934, she set up the buffer state of Manchukuo, combining five Chinese Provinces by that time completely under Japanese influence. Then, during 1935, she attempted the penetration of Outer Mongolia.

Here Japan ran into an obstacle. In 1921, with the support of the Soviet Union, Outer Mongolia set up a "People's Republic," modeled on the Communist pattern. Backed by her powerful Soviet neighbor, Mongolia now took to shooting Japanese or Manchukuoan details that crossed disputed borders.

Beginning last June these border skirmishes became almost weekly affairs. Manchukuo blamed Mongolia; Mongolia blamed Japan; Japan and Soviet Russia blamed each other.

Warning notes were exchanged. Both nations accelerated armaments in preparation for warfare on the dry, sparsely-settled mesa where their spheres of influence meet.

"Battering-Ram"

Last winter, in Manchuli, a border city, negotiations held to iron out these difficulties broke down.

On March 13 Soviet Russia made public her Treaty guaranteeing the independence of Mongolia.

Later last month the Japanese Government notified Russia that it was ready to accede to the Soviet view-point.

The *China Weekly Review*, an anti-Japanese journal, published in Shanghai, reproduces a map with heavy black arrows showing "the direction of the Japanese threat to invade Outer Mongolia."

Before "experimenting with the Outer Mongolians," however, the Japanese will mobilize more of their Army in Manchukuo, the journal believes. But the Bolsheviks, it warns, "can not be taken unawares, neither can they be fooled; and they are terrible enemies."

"The general impression (from Harbin)," concludes the *Review*, "is that the Japanese will have to make a decision: either to continue their mad rush or to call a halt, settling down to a neighborly life, discarding all this swashbuckling. How-

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ever, the lovers of peace are likely to be disappointed, for recent activities of Japanese war-lords indicate no relaxation in their present high-handed policy."

Likewise distressed over Japan's westward drive, the London *Daily Express* sees a clash almost inevitable:

"Manchukuo used to be a sweet bone of contention. Japan grabbed it. Mongolia comes next, a land rich in pasture, as yet unexploited. Soviet Russia could do with Mongolia, or could do without it. What Soviet Russia could not do with, is to have Japan installed there."

Japanese Blamed

Japan's powerful Army clique is blamed for the recent outbreak by *Izvestia*, in the following comment cabled from Moscow to The Literary Digest:

"Lately we had facts that aggressive Japanese military circles, which are particularly strong in the Kwantung (Japanese continental) Army are seriously alarmed at the possibility of an improvement in Soviet-Japanese relations. They have decided by means of new provocations on the Soviet-Manchukuoan and Manchukoan-Mongolian frontiers to try to hinder this improvement."

The Christian Science Monitor of Boston finds the Soviet Union scarcely less responsible for hostilities than the Japanese. "Soviet imperialism," says *The Monitor*, though "based on propaganda, not force," persuaded the Mongols "to set up a 'People's Government' modeled on Moscow."

Such aggression, adds *The Monitor*, unlike Japan's armed maneuvers on the Asiatic continent, were not overt enough to catch the world's eye.

An ominous note is struck in *The Manchurian Monthly*, pro-Japanese supplement to the *Manchuria Daily News* of Dairen, in an article estimating the strength of the Outer Mongolian Army "as told by a certain Chinese who recently fled to Manchukuo for safety."

Conscription System

"The conscription system is enforced for males above eighteen years old," declares the journal. "The total strength of the Army is approximately 150,000.

"Two divisions, 50,000 strong, are stationed at Urga (Ulan-Bator, Mongolian capital). There are 100 air-planes and 2,000 motor-cars. The commander of the air force is a Soviet officer. Ten per cent. of the pilots and 30 per cent. of the motor-car drivers are Mongolians. All others are Soviet Russians."

The magazine then states that those who "apparently entertain a poor opinion of the Manchukuoan Army" are making a "big mistake."

Despite war talk and border skirmishes, however, the New York *Times* finds grounds for believing in peace:

"Both Japan and Russia now have a strongly compelling interest much nearer home than on the uplands of Mongolia, and it is this fact which warrants hope that war on the old crossroads will be avoided."

Erasing Red Class-Enemy Marks

Restrictions on "Social Origin" Vanish in Russia as Peasantry Are Won Over to Collectivization and Cossacks Get Back Sabers

Running a tractor or a harvest-combine on one of Russia's *kolkhozi* (collectivized farms) is the most enviable job in Soviet agriculture. Young girls, as well as youths, vie for this honor.

Lydia Oboznaya, a seventeen-year-old *kolkhoz* member in the Northern Caucasus, recently applied for training at a local tractor-school. Altho for two years she had been an exemplary collectivist, her application was rejected because her father was exiled as a *kulak* and hers therefore was an "undesirable social origin."

Last week, the Central Committee of the Communist Party in Moscow unexpectedly reversed this ruling and sent Lydia Oboznaya to the coveted school. Restrictions on "social origin," the Party decided, were "no longer necessary."

"All citizens, regardless of origin, are entitled to study and show their real character in their work," declared *Pravda*, chief Communist Party organ. "Honest work is the only measure."

This swing toward less severity in the treatment of "class enemies," and their children, was regarded by the European and American press as indicating important political developments in the Soviet Union.

One reason for it, according to Harold Denny, Correspondent for the New York *Times*, is the growth of educational and cultural facilities in the Soviet Republics. Heretofore, only a small proportion of the population had access to the better jobs; and the Soviets, said Mr. Denny, "discriminated in favor of the sons of workers."

Another reason is the success of the Soviet collective agricultural policy, which, in the last two years, has won the support of nearly 75 per cent. of Russia's 2,200,000 peasant households.

Harvest Nut

This was not always the case. The peasantry, in fact, was one of the hardest nuts for the Communists to crack. As far back as 1921, while Lenin still lived, they resisted stubbornly all Bolshevik strivings toward the abolition of private property.

With the commencement of the First Five-Year Plan, in 1928, Stalin began an intensive drive against the *kulaks*, a class of individualistic peasants, somewhat more prosperous than their fellows. Stalin's motto for Russia's great plains, peppered with myriads of peasant patches, was: "Collectivization and mechanization."

Kulaks who resisted surrendering their land, crops, and cattle were "liquidated." Thousands of them were loaded into freight-cars and shipped north to labor in snow-covered timber lands. The rest were crushed under taxes.

Cossack Scourge

The Cossacks of the fertile Don River valley, who, in Czarist days, were the scourge of Russia, received especially harsh treatment. Between 4 and 5 per cent. of the peasantry, according to William Henry Chamberlin in "Russia's Iron Age," were doomed.

In defense, the *kulaks* slew their cattle, and hid their crops. Stalin, perceiving danger ahead, called for moderation, making his famous "giddiness from success" speech of 1930. But, already, the damage was done. Between 1930 and 1932 famine seized the Caucasus and the Ukraine.

A bumper harvest in 1933 saved the country. Since then, experienced Communist politicians have been stationed in the grain areas to check the zeal of local officials. More than 250,000 collective farms were established, embracing the bulk of the peasantry. Tho 17,000,000 horses were

Sovfoto

To Soviet workers, particularly the women, running a tractor is the most enviable job on collective farms

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slaughtered by peasants resentful of yielding them to the collectives, some 250,000 tractors were assembled to plow the land.

Now, every effort is being made to mollify and win the peasants. Last month, even the fierce Don Cossack riders were returned to grace. Their cavalry units were reestablished, their curved sabers returned, their blue-and-red trappings restored.

The *kulaks* and the Cossacks are not the only "class enemies" against whom restrictions have been removed. Prejudices against scientists, professionals, and so-called "cultured" people, in the last three years, gradually have dwindled away.

In fact, reports *The Times*, (London), the "will of progress" in the Soviet Union "is no longer concentrated on grain-elevators and blast-furnaces: it has been transferred to 'culture.' . . . Education has been promoted from the mark of the bourgeois to the seal of Soviet citizenship."

Iranian Farewell

Chaffar Khan Djalal, former Minister from Iran (Persia), looks like a prosperous, somewhat blasé American business man. His wife is a pretty young English woman with blue eyes and blonde hair.

What the Minister resented most when he was arrested for speeding at Elkton, Maryland, last November was not the violation of his diplomatic immunity, not that he was handcuffed and abused, not even the joshing he got in the press, but a remark made by the officer to his wife.

"He called her 'that foreigner!'" snapped the Minister. "Why, she speaks English better than he does."

When Secretary of State Cordell Hull, answering a complaint from Mr. Djalal, remarked that the press was free in the United States and the Government could not interfere with its treatment of this episode, the envoy, on orders from Iran, packed up and went home.

Last week, in the sumptuous Iranian legation at Washington, furniture was crated, rugs were rolled, boxes of important papers sealed. The Government of Iran, offended by disrespect in American newspapers toward its subjects and its Shah, was closing all its diplomatic offices in the United States.

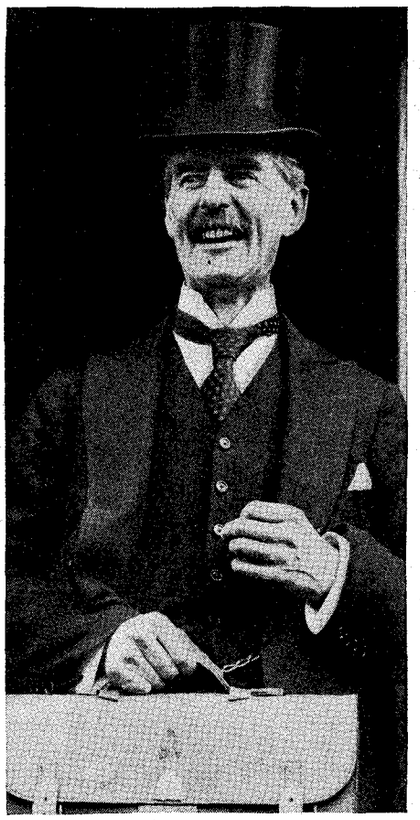
Hereafter all contact between the two nations, involving the affairs of some 1,200 odd Persians in the United States, will be handled at Teheran, sun-bleached Persian capital below the Caspian Sea.

Newspapers expressed surprize that Iran had been offended. "The law and practises of this country," declared the Washington *Evening Star*, "grant no immunity from adverse comment by the press upon the personal conduct of representatives of foreign countries stationed here. It seems impossible for Teheran to understand this."

The withdrawal constitutes a partial break in diplomatic relations between Iran and the United States. Such action frequently presages a declaration of war. Between Iran and the United States, however, no war is imminent.

Britannia's Financial Prodigal

While Chancellor Chamberlain, John Bull's *Fiscal Prodigy, Produces Budget Surplus, Alberta's Premier Announces Bond Default*



Keystone

Neville Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer: he finds a $60,000,000 surplus

In an empire whose Colonies vie to emulate their money-wise mother, *Britannia,* Canada's wind-blown Province of Alberta was a financially errant son last week.

As the purse-tight British Home Government was setting another striking example of economy—its fourth successive budget surplus—the Province became the first in the Dominion to default on a bond maturity.

Principal Lacking

It was unable to pay the principal of two issues of 1916 bonds falling due for a total of $3,200,000. Bondholders appearing at the Edmonton, Toronto, and Montreal branches of the Imperial Bank of Canada (where certificates were redeemable) left with only their interest, amounting to $140,000.

"We haven't the money; I'm sorry, but we must default," said Provincial Premier William Aberhart, erstwhile high school teacher, whose $25-a-month Social-Credit platform hoisted him into power last August.

"I am sure the bondholders will know this maturity is an inheritance, and that we are doing our level best to put our house in order so that we may be able to meet our future obligations as they arise."

This, as most Canadians knew, was only partly the story behind the default. Behind it, too, was a single man's fight for his experimental social régime.

To meet his inherited burden last week, the bald, massive Premier was able to fish only $550,000 out of his financial pond in Edmonton. He well knew he could get the rest from the Dominion Government for the asking, but he did not like the strings attached.

The Canadian Government, at Ottawa, is the largest bondholder of the Western Provinces. Lately, it imposed control on future Provincial borrowings through a Joint Dominion-Provincial Loan Board. Seeing a threat to fulfilment of its Social-Credit plans, Alberta was the only Province to refuse to accept this loan board.

Premier's Chagrin

Chagrined by his impaired finances, Premier Aberhart yanked a compulsory debt-conversion bill from the Legislature.

This bill empowers the Provincial Government to refund its $160,000,000 public obligations by replacing outstanding securities with perpetual Provincial stock. A minimum of two and one half per cent interest is specified.

These stock issues will have no maturity date. They will be issued in such amounts as the authorities decree, and can be retired after thirty-five years.

Affected are the $26,000,000 in cash advanced to the Province by Ottawa, $10,000,000 in Provincial savings certificates (on which there has been no payment for months), and $100,000,000 of Alberta securities held in the United States.

"It is possible that Mr. Aberhart thought that the Dominion Government could not afford to permit a Provincial default," said the Montreal *Daily Gazette.*

"If so, he failed to realize that the Dominion, in meeting one Provincial demand after another, would be freeing the Provinces from embarrassment at the expense of its own credit, and the process could not go on indefinitely."

Aside from the precedent it set, the default hardly caused a ripple in London. Canadian bonds, as if tacitly approving Ottawa's stand, remained strong.

Londoners were far more interested in the $60,000,000-odd surplus dished up by Neville Chamberlain, the spare, lanky Chancellor of the Exchequer. It surprized him as much as anybody else.

In large degree, the protective tariff is said to explain the surplus. Since 1930-31, customs revenue alone has jumped $400,000,000.

Chamberlain, with his drooping black mustache, and air of an undertaker, was not so sure he would repeat next year. There will be a huge British defense fund as a result of the growing tension in Europe and Asia. It may make him reach for red ink before March 31, 1937.

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Nazis Put Eckener in Coventry

Not a Line About Intrepid Zeppelin Skipper Appears in German Papers, for He Is a Technician, Not a Politician

Caricature by Wolo in the San Francisco *Chronicle*

Dr. Hugo Eckener, in disfavor with Nazis for being "a technician, not a politician"

Excited Germans rustled their bold-typed morning newspapers with pride. Praise for the great *Hindenburg*, largest of Zeppelins, and for Dr. Hugo Eckener, her jovial commander, filled the columns.

Suddenly telephones shrilled in newspaper offices all over Germany. That afternoon not a paper in the Reich carried the name of Doctor Eckener. Praise for the new craft on the eve of her first transatlantic flight went to the Nazi régime, not to the commander.

Delving by foreign correspondents soon disclosed the story.

In their frenzy to let not one vote escape them, Nazi election officials asked Doctor Eckener to donate the *Hindenburg* and the old *Graf Zeppelin* to scatter handbills, and carry loud-speakers.

They also demanded that he indorse, in a written statement, the Hitler régime. Other prominent Germans, such as Wilhelm Furtwaengler, orchestra-leader, and Maxie Herber, Olympic star, complied with such a request.

Rugged Independence

Doctor Eckener showed his rugged independence by declining on the ground that he was a technician, not a politician. He also refused to allow use of the ships.

Technician he is, and a powerful one. For more than a decade he had been in complete charge at Friedrichshafen, center of German dirigible construction.

When the Nazis began to issue orders, even to private business, they found him difficult.

He knows more about dirigible-flying than any other man in Germany, and he doesn't see why any other man should give him instructions.

Regardless of his position, however, his refusal to allow the Nazis use of the dirigibles was a futile gesture. The two ships sailed over much of Germany on their political mission, and proved most effective in distributing propaganda.

The newspaper ban on Doctor Eckener's name shows the Nazis have not forgotten his annoying attitude. Officials say "further discipline is not contemplated," but observers know well what happened to scores of other Germans of prominence who opposed Hitler. Most of them have faded from the picture.

Riding Clouds

Last week, Doctor Eckener rode the clouds to South America with his finest ship. His congenial, calm personality has not been ruffled.

A few years ago he showed his charming ways while on a trip to South America. When a companion left on a boat for Europe, Doctor Eckener sailed next day on his Zeppelin, flew over the boat, and lowered a bottle of wine to his friend with a note:

"I'll see you in Europe next week."

Yugoslav Caldron Boiling

Yugoslavia is a caldron in which many nationalities are mixed, but not melted. Last week, by no means for the first time, the caldron boiled over.

"The Kingdom of Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes," as Yugoslavia then was called, was set up in the general rearrangement of Balkan nations after the War.

In an area no larger than Oregon, some dozen national strains, with as many tongues, religions, and traditions, were lumped together under dominance of the Serbs, who constitute one-third of the 15,000,000 population.

Less numerous, but more advanced in culture and economic development, are 3,000,000 Croats, who play in Yugoslavia the rôle played by the Irish in the British Isles.

The Croats have their own language, and their own capital, Zagreb, a stately old town, which, crossed by ultramodern boulevards, is set in a valley of vineyards.

Even before the War, while Croatia was part of Austria-Hungary, such ardent nationalists as Stefan Radic fought for independence. His fight did not stop with the formation of Yugoslavia in 1918. What halted him eventually was a bullet, fired in 1928 by a pro-Government Deputy.

Since then, clashes between Croats and Serbs, often armed, have been frequent.

In January, three Croat peasants were shot near Zagreb after invading the village Mayor's home, and demanding that he abandon pro-Serb policies.

A month later, in France, three Croat terrorists were sentenced to lifetime labor on Devil's Island for complicity in the assassination of King Alexander I in 1934. Upon hearing the sentence, they leaped up and shouted: "Long live Croatia! Down with the Serbian butchers!"

All last February Zagreb seethed with demonstrations. On one occasion the daughter of Deputy Radic mounted the statue of her father and hurled curses at Belgrade, Serbian capital of the kingdom, and at twelve-year-old Peter II, reigning under a regency.

Students Riot

Within a week students were marching through Zagreb streets, smashing windows of pro-Government newspapers, and raiding Serbian shops.

Last week's rioting occurred at the funeral of Stefan Javor, Croatian student, who died while serving a twenty-year sentence for slaying a renegade Croat editor.

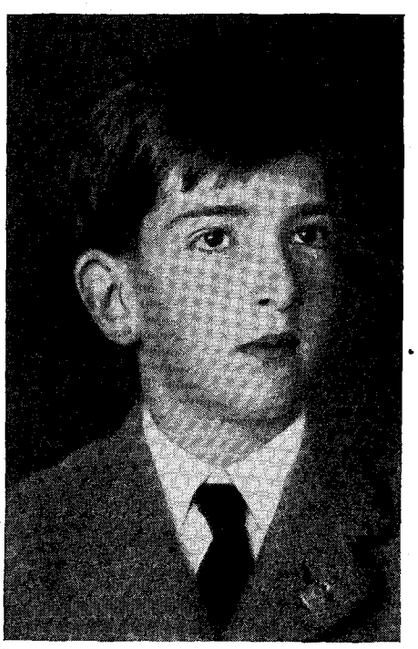
Fiery speeches were made at his grave, denouncing the Yugoslav Kingdom, and France for supporting it, and demanding complete freedom for Croatia. Returning to Zagreb, the procession looted gunsmiths' shops of rifles and ammunition.

Police fired—mainly, according to dispatches, "into the air." One demonstrator was killed and twenty-three were wounded.

At present, an ominous silence hangs over Croatia. With several thousand inflamed nationists armed, the gendarmes fear momentary uprisings. Hope for peace lies, oddly enough, in Vladimir Machek, head of the Croatian Peasant Party, lifelong ally of and successor to Radic.

Born a peasant, but self-educated, Doctor Machek has risked his life more than once for his country. Last December, surprizingly, he was released after serving eleven months of a three-year sentence for political activity.

In opposition to extremists, he is urging the Croats to surrender their demand for independence, in favor of autonomy.



Keystone

King Peter II, twelve-year-old ruler of Jugoslavia's rebellious Croats

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Self-Help for Share-Croppers

Sherwood Eddy Projects 2,100-Acre Cooperative Farm, Copying System Spreading Fast in U. S. and Many Other Countries

© International

Sherwood Eddy, sponsor of Sherwood Cooperative Farm No. 1, for the benefit of—

Sherwood Eddy, who has traveled widely and seen much, was appalled when he saw the terrible plight of the tenant farmers and share-croppers in the South. There, in the country's richest agricultural region, he found peonage, serfdom, poverty, disease, and sometimes terror and violence. He was arrested on vague charges of preaching communism, and, while under detention, heard planters tell "the truth about these damned niggers who won't work." He heard them tell of one of the "niggers" who died of "sudden pneumonia" (lynching). And at least one man thought Mr. Eddy ought to be shot for interfering.

The famed Y.M.C.A. and social worker, writer and lecturer, lives to tell a tale and to start a 2,100-acre cotton cooperative experiment farm for evicted share-croppers in rich delta land near Hillhouse, Mississippi. Still hale at sixty-three years, his blue eyes sparkled and he snapped at the bargain. Promptly he went to work converting others. He dug into his own pockets for $1,000 of the needed $17,500. (An outlay of $30,000 will be required.)

The experiment calls for cooperative farming of the unit with profits to be divided on a pro-rata basis among the participants. The farm, known as the Sherwood Cooperative Farm No. 1, will use a mechanical cotton picker. The machine was invented by John D. and Mack D. Rust, who will try to use their invention, which can do the work of from fifty to 100 men, so that its superiority over man-power will not jeopardize share-croppers and day laborers. The two Rust brothers are among the trustees of the farm. The others include Mr. Eddy; Sam Franklin, his assistant; and Dr. William R. Amberson, of the University of Tennessee division at Memphis.

Twenty families will take part in the cooperative venture this year. They include nine who were already on the tract. Each family will have its individual home, tho owned in common with all other families. Personal effects will be owned individually. Each householder will have his own half-acre garden for raising vegetables.

Such foods as corn and potatoes will be raised in gardens owned and worked in common, as cotton also will be raised. The management has set up a consumers' cooperative whereby the farmers will buy jointly at cost everything they can not provide for themselves.

Wide as World

The cooperative method of self-help is as wide as the world and as old as man. Samuel Johnson said it began in the cave. It flowered first in England. Back in 1795 the people of Hull organized to protect themselves "from the invasions of covetous and merciless men," and established the Hull Anti-Mill Society, whose flour mills continued for a hundred years.

Other cooperative movements—there is a long list of them—came into being, some to succeed, others to go the way of all bad management. In 1821 a number of hungry Londoners started the Cooperative and Economical Society. It was a community of families which bought goods through its own cooperative store, employing, gradually, its own members and promoting education and recreation.

But the real beginning of the cooperative movement as it is known to-day may be traced to Rochdale, England, where, ninety-two years ago, twenty-eight English weavers put their heads together to think up a new way of cutting expenses. They decided to cooperate in buying and selling. Capital was needed to start, and they passed the hat. The collection amounted to about $90. With this mite of capital they organized a store under the name of the Equitable Pioneers of Rochdale to supply themselves with provisions. All housewives were invited to join.

Cooperative societies of all sorts are now established in most countries of the world. In the United States consumers' societies, credit societies, agricultural societies, workers' productive societies, housing and construction societies, and cooperatives of other types number more than 14,500. Consumer cooperatives number about 6,000, and have a membership of some 1,800,000, doing a total business estimated at $365,000,000 annually.

The backbone of the movement is in the Middle West.

In Cambridge, Minnesota, an oil cooperative was started with a capital of $1,700. In three years it paid back $26,000 in patronage dividends, and built up a reserve for expansion. The cooperators wanted bigger dividend checks, and they started a cooperative store with the reserve money. In the first five months of its career the store did a business of $24,000.

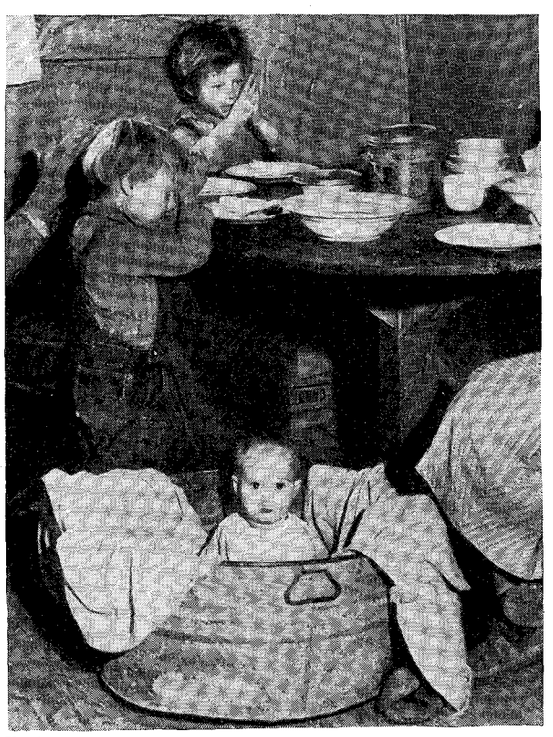
Debt-Free Business

The East, too, has its big cooperatives. The Eastern States Farmers' Exchange, with headquarters in Springfield, Massachusetts, had 56,000 members and did a business of $12,000,000 in 1934. This cooperative deals in farm supplies of all kinds. It is a business with no capital stock, no bonded indebtedness, and no mortgage.

The Country Life Insurance Company, Chicago, started business a few years ago, and in the first fifty months of operation wrote up $50,000,000 of policies.

Born and bred in the profit-making system, Edward A. Filene, dean of Boston merchants, has started a nation-wide organization of cooperative department stores. He organized the Consumer Distribution Corporation as a nucleus, and expects to supply it with up to $1,000,000 with which to get it functioning.

Mr. Eddy and his friends, working for the hapless share-croppers in Dixie, can look to plenty of profitable experience to guide them in their project near Hillhouse.



Keystone

—share-croppers and their families, who face eviction

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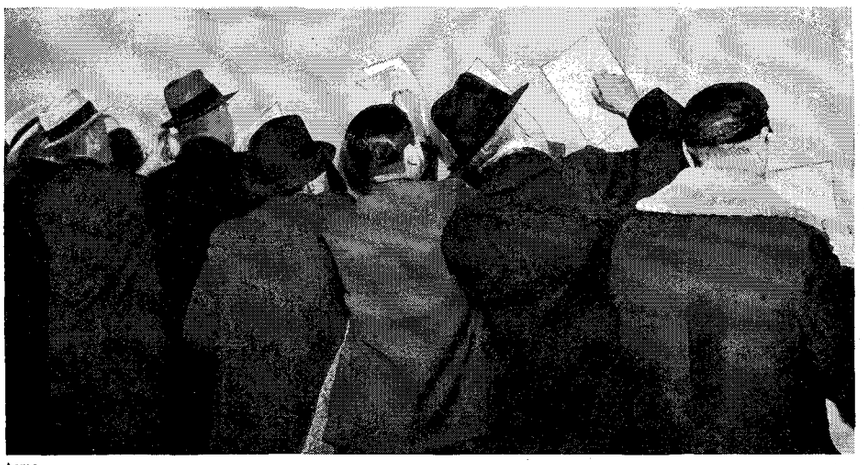
The Next War: Can U. S. Afford It?

Statisticians Estimate That America Would Be Bankrupted Paying the Bonuses, and Have History to Back Them Up



Acme

Bonus applicants in action—but the "next" war may be prevented by costs of the last one

Peacemakers will argue that war must be outlawed because it is dishonorable.

Scientists will tell you that war is intolerable because it destroys the flower of mankind.

Pacifists will swear that another war is impossible because modern warfare is too horrible.

But Congress and the veterans of the last War have proved that, for America, at least, another war is impossible because bonuses are too expensive, Roger Burlingame reasons—half jestingly, half seriously, it would seem—in *Scribner's Magazine*. His article, condensed, continues:

In 1932, fourteen years after the Armistice, statisticians estimated that by 1945 the United States would have spent the total cost of its part in the War wholly over again as an aftermath. That was before the success of the last bonus agitation.

More than 4,000,000 Americans wore uniforms; fewer than 25 per cent. of them heard shots fired in anger. There were approximately 350,000 casualties (killed, wounded, and diseased), or 8 per cent. of America's armed forces.

Since the War, these casualties have cost almost $17,000 apiece, not counting the bonus, which went to disabled and healthy impartially.

Grander Scale

Imagine, then, another war, with America participating on a grander scale—say as France participated in the last War. With 8,000,000 under arms, there might be 3,500,000 casualties. Those casualties, seventeen years after the close of the next war, would cost $60,000,000,000.

If there is another bonus for every mobilized man, that would be another $8,000,000,000. Such a whacking outlay would be likely to bankrupt the nation.

It would more than double the present national debt. It would be more than twice the reparations foisted upon Germany by the Allies. It would be nearly treble the Allied debt to the United States with interest to 1933.

That is to assume, of course, that there is no change of heart in Congress, and among organized veterans. Such a switch is unlikely, as pensions after the Mexican, Civil, and Spanish Wars will show.

Unless some strong resisting force soon appears, within five years all who put on *Uncle Sam's* uniforms in the World War, all their widows as long as they survive, tho two-score years or more younger than their ex-soldier husbands, and their minor, or helpless, offspring, will receive pensions.

Backward Europe

England, France, Germany, and Italy, as well as some smaller countries, have not made such progress toward peace.

Over there, statistics reveal constantly diminishing, rather than mounting, payments to veterans. When their sick and wounded are discharged as cured, pensions cease.

Thus, British, French, German, and Italian taxpayers see pensions growing negligible, rather than intolerable. In the first decade after the War, France's pensions dropped 14.1 per cent., England's roster was cut by 17.4 per cent., while Italy's decrease was 23.6 per cent.

Yet, in that same decade, American pensioners were increased by 866 per cent. By 1931, *Uncle Sam* was paying $2,668.61 annually to each casualty, while *John Bull* handed out only a paltry $104.50.

Meanwhile, we grouse over $2,500,000,000 in prepaid bonuses. Each year these irritants are magnified as Congress passes more and more legislation at the behest of the Washington bonus-lobby.

But there is balm along with this itching-salve: This ever-swelling, grotesque monster finally will destroy its creator, and there will be no more wars for Americans to fight in. War will be an economic impossibility because there won't be enough money for a new crop of veterans.

Pulpit-Fire on Lottery

Mrs. Harriman Misses Church as Bishop Manning Denounces Drive

Forty-six years ago Congress passed a law that obliterated the Louisiana State Lottery—last surviving legal lottery in the country. But to-day, under the impetus of the popular Irish sweepstakes and Cuban, Spanish, and other lotteries, the United States mails are full of tickets again.

Among them are tickets, so-called, sent out by the National Conference on Legalizing Lotteries, headed by Mrs. Oliver Harriman. "Lady Grace" her friends call her, because of her beauty, charm and dignity.

She was a Kentucky belle in her younger days. She is known, too, for her charity, for her deep interest in children and in hospitals. She is a good Episcopalian and a member of the congregation of fashionable St. Bartholomew's Church on Park Avenue. She estimates that a billion dollars a year goes out of the country into foreign lotteries. She would keep this money at home for charities.

Brave Battler

Bishop William T. Manning, of the New York Episcopal Diocese, sturdy defender of all the orthodoxies, brave battler for his Church, strongly disagrees with his charming parishioner. And she had to face, too, the fire of the Post Office Department. Solicitor Karl A. Crowley of the Post Office Department has cited her organization and the Golden Stakes Corporation, in which Alfred E. Smith, Jr., son of the former Governor of New York, is interested, "to show cause" why they should not be barred from the mails.

It was from the pulpit of Mrs. Harriman's own church that Bishop Manning denounced lotteries and characterized gambling as a "habit-forming drug." He knew that "there are many people of good character who see no harm in buying lottery tickets and thus helping support a gambling industry," but, he said, "the gambling instinct is strong in human nature and the instinct is a dangerous one, and all experience shows that its encouragement is morally unsound and harmful."

The Social Service Commission of his Church backs Bishop Manning's stand.

Mrs. Harriman missed services that morning. She replied through the press the next day. She recited that lotteries have existed from time immemorial, "that taxation to-day has reached almost the limits to which it is possible to put it," and that from first-hand information in her own charity work "the poor, the aged, and the babies are suffering now more than ever before, while less funds are available from the usual sources to aid those poor unfortunates." She believes no moral question is involved.

Said Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia some time ago: "Men and women will gamble. Some play games, some speculate in the stock market, and some play bingo, wingo, jingo, or stinko. And some play the lotteries."

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Fascism as a "Bitter Stream"

Theatre Union, in Its Latest Drama of Protest, Shows Farmers of Fontamara in Conflict with Blackshirt Interference

Talbot Photograph

Lili Eisenlohr Valenty and Albert Van Dekker in the Theatre Union's "protest" against Fascist Italy, "Bitter Stream"

Twice within a week the New York theater has expressed itself as believing that Italy means no good to the world.

The first dramatist to describe the Fascists as war-hungry and a threat to peace was Robert S. Sherwood, who laced his charge with comedy and called it "Idiot's Delight."

The second is Victor Wolfson, who took up Ignazio Silone's memorable novel, "Fontamara." Mr. Wolfson dramatized that seething document into a play called "Bitter Stream." Mr. Wolfson is about as bitter over the Fascist picture as he is in his title.

Whereas Mr. Sherwood's comedy-drama indictment was tossed high on a peak in the Italian alps, Mr. Wolfson's is huddled tight on a minor hill in the rich Fucino farming district.

The Government in Rome has taken the fertile valley lands away from the mountain farms and given them to men more able to farm vast acres on a wholesale scale. Not content with taking livelihood from the small farmers, the next move threatens to take life itself.

Stream Diverted

The hilly knob on which they live is a combination of clay and sand. They plant their kitchen gardens in it and constant soaking from a tiny stream forces the arid soil to grow bean and corn crops. The Government diverts the stream to the valley farms. The men and women living on bleak Fontamara are faced with both unemployment and slow starvation.

Some of them, on the pretext that a show of loyalty will help their case, are taken by truck to a Fascist rally where they cheer for and jerkily salute Il Duce. After the demonstration haughty blackshirts hustle them back into the trucks and home. Their gesture has been futile.

Their resentment is recognized by an agent for the Underground Union. He tells them that all over Italy members of this cause are fighting against the Fascist Government.

Blackshirt Raid

Some are frightened; two, more impetuous, join up. They agree to read the secret propagandist newspaper. One is detected at it in a sudden blackshirt raid on the mountain village.

All are examined. Some are too ignorant to give the right answers and are put down as non-cooperative. One or two protest and are arrested.

One old man, protesting loudly, is shot down on the spot.

The farmers' leader is a gangling overgrown youth named *Berado*. He and the Underground Union's agent are whipped and beaten, but refuse to tell the truth about their movement. Finally, *Berado*, believing the union's agent more important to the cause than he, a farmer, confesses a false participation in the plotting. He is shot down against a wall.

The Theatre Union, ever an organization to choose its work in terms of protest, gives the play a vivid production, if not a reliable one. The cast is not sufficiently expert to make all of the scenes and situations valid. None the less, it aroused cheers from an obviously sympathetic and anti-Fascist audience.

Albert Van Dekker made a dogged performance of the *Berado* rôle. He had help from Lili Eisenlohr Valenty and Hester Sondergaard.

He was particularly effective in the prison scenes where blackshirt brutality, as the author saw it, was depicted.

Critics did not react so thoroughly as did the audience. Most, indeed, were sullen about it.

Gilbert Gabriel, New York *American:* "They have managed to make a masterpiece of protest supremely dull and not a little silly."

Burns Mantle, New York *Daily News:* "There is the familiar suggestion of vindictive bias and overstatement that afflicts all dramas of protest."

Brooks Atkinson, New York *Times:* "'Bitter Stream,' for all its stammering, gives you a notion of what Fascism is like when you live in the midst of it."

Richard Lockridge, New York *Sun:* "Victor Wolfson's 'Bitter Stream' is social drama of that extremely thorough sort which is more apt to inspire respect than affection."

* * *

Bars as Theater Adjuncts

Theatre Arts Monthly, for some weeks, has been campaigning for a change in the building code of the City of New York as it concerns theaters. Its aim is to have restaurants, preferably with attached bars, in every theater, legally.

Many within the theater have taken sides. Some have joined up eagerly in the plan, others have protested bitterly, insisting that it would be no help to the waning legitimate stage to have drinking on the theater premises.

Theatre Arts Monthly, speaking for itself and with an unsolicited statement from Burns Mantle, drama critic for the New York *Daily News*, offers Mr. Mantle's own statement as the best argument for liberalization of the building code:

"So long as I believe that if café privileges were extended to the theaters, and properly supervised, they should—

"(1) Shorten pre-theater dinners,

"(2) Moderate pre-theater drinking,

"(3) Stimulate interest in early curtains,

"(4) Add to after-theater visiting,

"(5) Lessen, by expediting, the annoyance of intermission traffic, particularly in shallow foyers and narrow lobbies,

"(6) Help to hold seat prices down,

"(7) Help to keep average play quality up by encouraging experimentation and minimizing the risk of failure,

"(8) Soften the shock of a dull play for those who can't take it,

"(9) Quicken the appreciation of a lively one for those who need quickening,

"(10) And add nothing to the temptations of the weak and unstable that has not already been added by night clubs, community bars, and such,

"I see no good reason why I should not add my name to the list of sponsors for the necessary changes in the law which you are so generously promoting."

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On the Current Screen

Director Capra Repeats the Formula of "It Happened One Night"—Hays and the Sinclair Lewis Story

Millionaire and "sob-sister": Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur in "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town"

Ever since Frank Capra put a lot of delicious nonsense together in eight reels and called it "It Happened One Night," all Hollywood has been trying to repeat the formula.

Mostly it has been a dismal effort, since there are few Capras, just as few scenarists as adroit as Robert Riskin and, besides that, delicious nonsense can't be ordered by the bale in car-load lots.

It is only justice that the first film to match "It Happened One Night" should come from Mr. Capra and Mr. Riskin. They had, in this case, the first-hand help of Clarence Budington Kelland. Mr. Kelland wrote the original story. It was called "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town." Admittedly no alluring title, Columbia Pictures none the less has allowed it to stand. The trust of future patronage is based on the hope that the first audiences will come out of the theaters so ecstatic that they will tell all their friends. They probably will.

Disarmingly Simple

The story is disarmingly simple. A young man, *Longfellow Deeds*, is left $20,000,000 by an eccentric uncle. He leaves his small town and goes to New York, his first visit. Newspapers send their best feature writers out to interview him. He eludes them. One editor instructs his best sob-sister, *Babe Bennett*, to find *Deeds* or another job.

She isn't the only one looking for him. A crooked lawyer wants to see him, an army of mendicants is tracking him, an opera company wants his financial help, a cousin smarting in discrimination wants him. Only *Babe*, who is smart at those things, knows what to do. She finds him, waits until he goes out for a walk, and then faints at his feet. She says she is a jobless, starving stenographer. He takes her to dinner. His simplicity charms her and she sees him day after day.

She writes a series of stories about the rustic millionaire. He never realizes that the starving stenographer and the sob-sister are the same person. When he does, he is heart-broken and starts to go away. A mob of hungry men descends on his home. He sees them, adds his disillusionment to the situation and decides to give away his fortune. The lawyer has him arrested as insane.

On trial for his sanity, he does not try to defend himself until *Babe* helps him. Then he convinces the judge of his sanity and the customarily happy ending is achieved.

Throughout this amazingly simple story-structure Capra has strewn incidental details so winning and warm that, overnight, Gary Cooper achieves new stature as a star. It will be a long time before another court-room scene of its like is filmed.

"Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" had an invitation preview in Hollywood, with the leading directors, producers, and players present. The first response at the end came from Irving Thalberg, of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, a rival producer: "This is the greatest picture Capra has ever made. It will be more popular than 'It Happened One Night.'"

The whole audience reacted quickly to the picture, laughing uproariously throughout its length.

Other comment from outside the Columbia studio included:

Howard Estabrook, writer: "It's the drumstick in the band-leader's hand. I think it's the front of the parade."

Jesse Lasky, producer: "Great entertainment!"

James Reid, *Motion Picture Magazine:* "It's a Four-A. That's the best this magazine can offer. I wish there were more."

Merle Oberon, actress: "It is greater than 'It Happened One Night,' and the finest thing Gary Cooper has ever done."

Bob O'Donell, exhibitor: "The most impressive evening I have spent in the theater in a long time. Capra's direction is superb."

* * *

Hays Urges "Common Sense"

Following the long controversy as to the direction from which came the ban on a film version of "It Can't Happen Here," Will H. Hays has asked film-makers to use "common sense."

In his annual report to the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc., the organization he serves as watch-dog of morals, Mr. Hays asked the picture studios themselves to determine in a sane, clear way the distinction between photoplays carrying a message and those which dealt with "self-serving propaganda." Propaganda he rejected.

"The question of public order," he said, "of public good, of avoiding the inflammatory, the prejudicial, or the subversive is a problem of social responsibility everlastingly imposed on those who would produce, distribute, and exhibit pictures to a universal audience of 80,000,000 in the United States alone.

". . . The character of pictures produced during the current season demonstrates the ability of the screen to deal with vital subjects of the day, with strong dramatic scenes, with social problems, and with all dramatic forms on which honest entertainment can be built.

"This is asserted notwithstanding such artificial controversies as may be raised to the contrary."

The last allusion was considered within the industry to be reference to protest from liberal groups over the decision by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer not to produce the Sinclair Lewis story.

"The American public," Mr. Hays reported in conclusion, "can be trusted to vote down the tawdry, vulgar, and banal."

Film Ratings

These ratings represent a consensus arrived at by analysis of the comment of screen reviewers throughout the country. They are not arbitrary ratings set by THE LITERARY DIGEST Screen Editor.

***AAAA*—"These Three"; "Little Lord Fauntleroy"; "The Country Doctor"; "Things to Come"; "The Great Ziegfeld."**

***AAA*—"A Night at the Opera"; "The Ghost Goes West"; "The Milky Way"; "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine"; "Follow the Fleet"; "Desire"; "The Singing Kid."**

The ratings are: *AAAA*, Excellent; *AAA*, Good; *AA*, Acceptable, and *A*, Poor.

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Camera Clicking: Wild-Fire Hobby

Sign-Letterer, Woman Globe-Trotter, and Ex-Student Show Pictures Which Have Super-Photographic Qualities

What could a young sign-letterer, a former medical student in his forties, and a gray-haired lady globe-trotter have in common?

Answer: One-man camera-shows.

Each of these persons has titillated New Yorkers with new slants on photographic art.

Two years ago the sign-letterer, Ben Schnall of Brooklyn, started a course in photography. He became discouraged, and joined another school last year. For several months he studied two half-days a week, and used his imagination in between times.

His lens sees ordinary nails as geometry-theorems. Critics thought his sixty-six prints in his recently current exhibit in New York showed imaginative qualities.

His camera's eye limns stair railings, a "bull fiddle," gas- and oil-tanks, an old clock-spring from a gutter. Tho his technique is professional, he rejoices in his amateur standing.

While he was holiday-making in Puerto Rico, some of his work came to the eye of an acquaintance, who asked him to take a commission for some pictures. He replied that Puerto Rican oranges were succulent, and that he was enjoying a workless vacation eating them. Yet, a small placard at his recent New York show did offer prints for sale.

So much for the sign-letterer.

The ex-student of medicine is Floyd Eugene Vail, an old-timer whose work has attracted attention at New York Camera Club shows for fifteen years. Another exhibit is current at New York. His pictures have annexed honors here and abroad.

They have the soft, unphotographic qualities of etchings or charcoal-drawings. This tone he gets with bromoil transfers, a complicated printing-process especially effective with landscapes.

His father pioneered the bromoil process, handing its wrinkles on to his son, who still prides himself on his amateurism.

Financial Advantage

Mrs. Eleanor Hinman, the lady globe-trotter, on the other hand, uses her camera to financial advantage. It was five years ago, in Seville, Spain, that she began experimenting to see what she could do in snap-shooting scenery.

She began illustrating her travel articles with her own photographs. They clicked, and she was asked to sell them. She doesn't write any more. Instead, she globe-trots ten months of a year with an ordinary American-made camera as her stock in trade, snapping as she goes. Now, she too is showing New Yorkers some of her work.

To-day she is interested chiefly in color-photography and murals—prints greatly blown up from an original 3¼ by 4¼ inches. These decorate walls, and, tinted yellow, brown, crimson, green, violet, or blue, conform to a room's color-scheme.

She revels in bringing ordinary photography with an ordinary camera to higher peaks of perfection, with a splash of color now and again to show imagination.

To her, picture-taking is not a profession, but merely a hobby that pays well.

Furthermore, it's a hobby that is spreading like wild-fire. The efforts of hosts of camera-clickers continue to be shown publicly. So far, no one has succeeded in counting the number of camera-clubs operating in the United States.

They are springing up like this season's flowers. Recently, 150-odd groups have established themselves as camera-clubs in metropolitan areas alone. One well-known club which will give you a cross-section of a typical membership is the New York Camera Club.

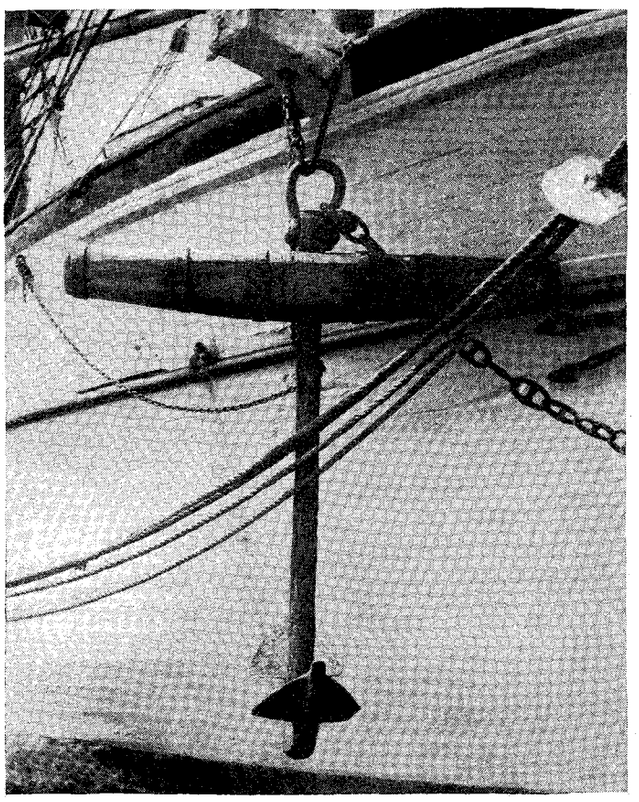
In it are many doctors, lawyers, teachers, engineers, and actors. Only 2 per cent. of them are professional photographers; the others just snap pictures for fun.

For every organization like the New York group there are dozens of smaller, more private, clubs. Schools, colleges, and summer camps have their groups of amateur photographers. Churches, outing-clubs, business groups, country granges, and Y.M.C.A.'s cultivate amateur picture-taking.

Spring and summer is the amateur's heyday. Then you will find them galumphing everywhere, shooting yards of film at man, beast, nature, and—especially—sun-kissed babies playing on lawns.

Informal action-shots, in particular, are increasing in popularity. Leica Company, candid-camera manufacturers, report that sales last May and June exceeded, by 49 per cent., the volume during the corresponding period of 1934.

June also is the Eastman Kodak Company's best month. And sales of photographic equipment are increasing every year. Total sales, including amateur film, rose last year 8½ per cent. over the previous year, and 24 per cent. over 1933.



The Starboard Anchor, one of Floyd Eugene Vail's photographs (bromoil transfer) exhibited at the New York Camera Club

Enchanting Pastime

Clipped into albums, stuck into mirrors, or hanging, framed, on the walls are the family photographs. Some show technique in black and white. Tinted, they might be even more striking.

Why not color them by hand?

Tinting their own photographs is fast becoming popular with amateurs. Avenir Le Heart, writing in *The International Photographer*, gives pointers on how to do it.

Transparent coloring in oil-paints he finds the most popular, as well as most expressive, way of tinting photographs. Under deft touches, black and white prints take on a natural appearance.

Hand-coloring of prints is easily learned, widely understood, and accessible to almost any one who might happen to have a tuft of cotton and tube of paint.

Almost any oil-prepared paint is good for hand-coloring of prints. The spectrum of tints and shades of various colors found in tubes of art oil-paints is more than sufficient for the most ambitious tyro.

Most of these paints are transparent, and are applied to black and white photographs with bits of cotton.

Naturally, the ground substance of a black and white photographic print runs a gamut of shade from sheerest white to deepest black. These variations are not removable, so, here, art takes a hand with gradations in color-tint chosen to match diversions in shading.

That's where imagination steps in. There are many amateurs who are finding that coloring their own photographs is an enchanting hobby.

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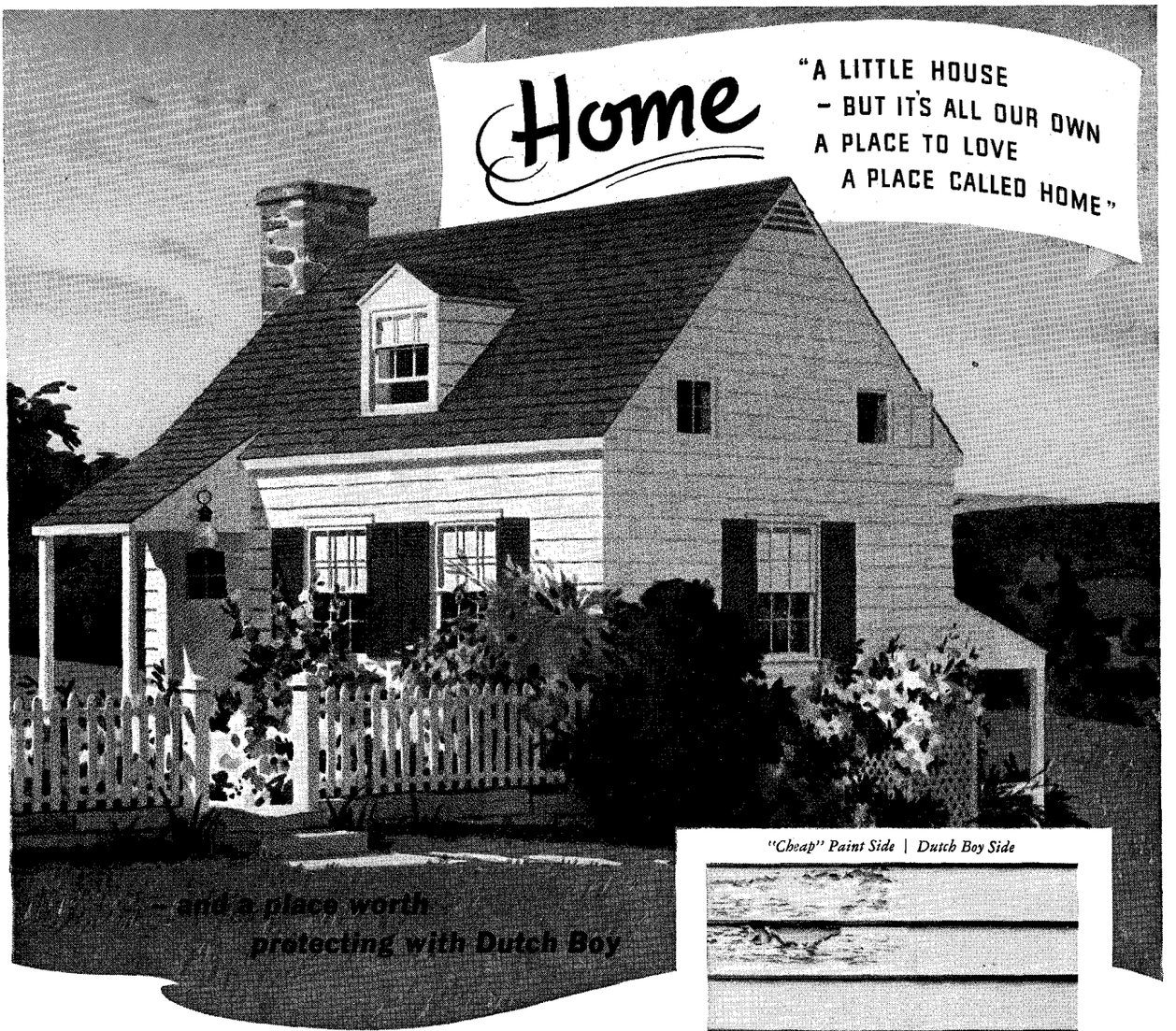
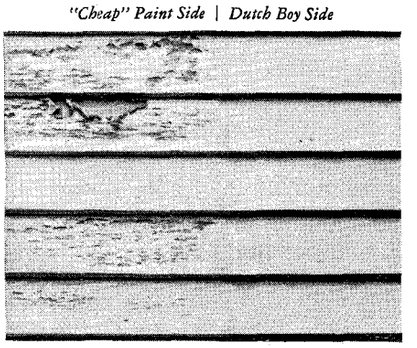


"Cheap" Paint Side | Dutch Boy Side



DOUBLE HOUSE SHOWS UP "CHEAP" PAINT

Here's what happened when the owner of one side of a double house used "cheap" paint and the owner of the other, Dutch Boy. Both jobs are two years old. The "cheap" paint job cost $16 less in the beginning. Now this owner must pay out $160—for burning off scaling paint, applying new priming coat, and repainting.

SENTIMENTAL? Yes, but practical, too. There's a dollars-and-cents reason for avoiding "cheap" paint.

Note the actual photograph at the right. Read the wording below it. See, first, a typical example of how "cheap" paint quickly cracks and scales, spoiling the looks of your home and giving the weather a chance to attack the bare wood.

The effect on your pocket-book is just as bad. You must (1) repaint long before you planned—(2) pay the extra expense of burning and scraping off the "cheap" paint and (3) pay the cost of one additional coat—a new priming coat—as part of the repainting.

Now look at the Dutch Boy example, also typical. No cracking and scaling there. Dutch Boy, instead, wears down stubbornly by gradual chalking. You repaint right over it because its surface remains smooth and unbroken. No burning and scraping, no new priming coat is needed—and no repainting either, until long after "cheap" paint would have gone to pieces.

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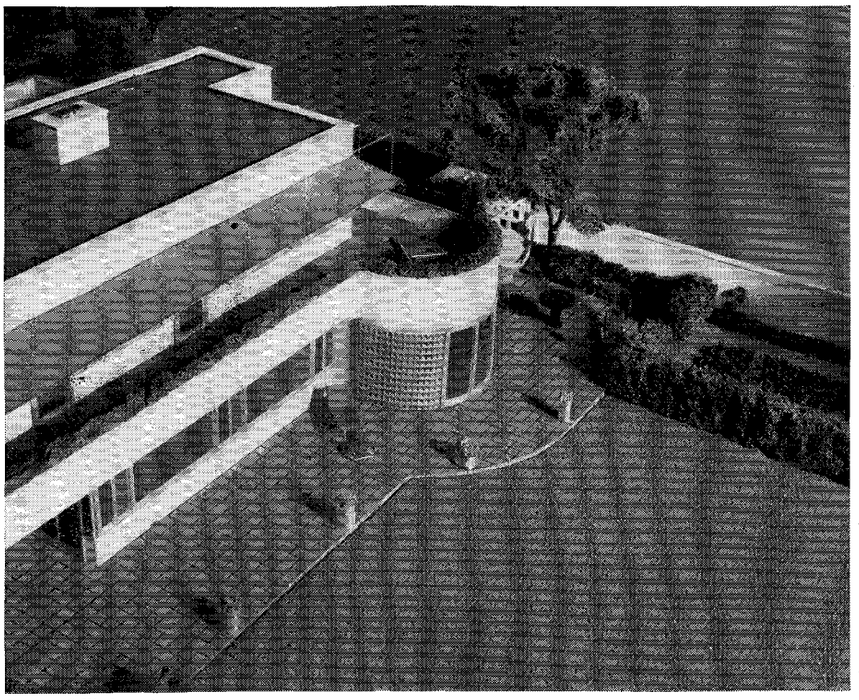
"Going Modern"—Within Reason

Breaking With the Past, Architecture Is Creating a New Mode in Dwellings, Designed First of All for Living



Courtesy *Collier's*

Glass bricks form the curve enclosing the dining-room in the front of this modern house

Progress is the creature of dissatisfaction. It striped the United States with concrete roads six cars wide. It razed a thousand ugly Main Streets, replacing dun-hued brick and plaster store-fronts with multi-hued related fronts running mainly to glass and to even lines.

The architecture of dwellings also is beginning to yield to dissatisfaction. Multiple dwellings, tenements, and apartment houses first took cognizance of the change toward functional design. The new theory is that since a home is made, presumably, to live in, its interior is of greater importance than its exterior.

Less Bizarre

Too deliberate embracing of this theory has resulted in a curious lot of architectural errors. None the less, American architecture is arriving at a sane, modern balance of design. Fabricated houses have reached a high point of efficiency inside. Now architects are beginning to design the exteriors so that "modern" is less bizarre.

France, Germany, and Austria have been leaders in the trend toward modern architecture. They have shaved away the first startling incongruities and are achieving a sort of mellowed modern. It is new, its lines are clean and sharp, but it is not founded on the massing of sensationally stacked cubes and rectangles. It is functional within, attractive without.

Edward D. Stone, an American architect, made a deep study of modern dwelling architecture from all its points of view. He learned to reject what was merely capricious. He arrived at confidence in several modern materials. He achieved, by invitation of *Collier's*, a modern house of ample space, flooded source of light, and lasting materials.

"In the old kind of housebuilding," John T. Flynn explains in the magazine, "we settled upon a type of house—Colonial or Spanish or Old English or what-not—and then arranged our rooms inside as well as we could. We were limited at the start by the exigencies of the settled design.

"Now in the new technique of housebuilding, the architect proceeds in the reverse order. That is, he settles on the rooms desired, the location of the rooms and the uses to which they are to be put.

"If you can imagine such a thing, visualize a house built without any outer walls, but all the rooms put in precisely the places we want them without reference to the exterior shape or design.

"Having done this, what you would have would be a nest of rooms. The modern architect then proceeds to put a shell over them, which is the exterior of the house. The modern style lends itself to this, for the architect can give beauty of line and form to any shape this shell falls into.

"But the big idea is that the house is designed primarily and fundamentally as a place to live in. Not only that, but a place to live in in conformity with standards which have been developed by modern art, modern science, modern technology. You might as well try to put the utilities, the conveniences, the power, the flexibility, the speed of a modern 1936 automobile into a 1902 horseless carriage as to fit the perfectly equipped and implemented machine for living in the shell of a small house built according to the ideas of the last generation."

The house designed by Mr. Stone was fashioned primarily to meet the requirements of the small home owner. It would cost between $12,000 and $16,000 exclusive of landscaping and architect's fee. It is set on a plot 100 by 150 feet. Its cost would fluctuate according to the choice of location and choice of materials and equipment.

"It is an eight-room house with four bathrooms, so that it will be seen there is no skimping on essential conveniences," Mr. Flynn resumes.

Details of Structure

"Downstairs there is a large living-room, dining-room, kitchen, maid's room, hall, and a room which may be used either as guest room or study. There are two bathrooms downstairs, one adjoining the study and one off the maid's room.

"There is a large covered terrace, a dining terrace and an uncovered terrace outside the living-room and dining-room.

"Upstairs there are three bedrooms—an owner's room with private bath and two additional rooms served by a single bathroom. There is a large sundeck for recreation and sleeping.

"There is, of course, a two-car heated garage, and an entrance court at the front which may serve as an outdoor living space; a large service court or children's play-court at the side and an extensive garden at the rear of the house.

"The structure is planned to give the maximum of convenience and utility at a minimum of cost. It is indeed designed to supply to this house practically every useful aid to good living according to 1936 standards that can be found in the dwellings of men of wealth. There is somewhat less space, less finery, less ornament, but in no sense less of the essentials of the healthful, pleasant, private, serviced modern home.

"It has plenty of built-in equipment, soft overhead lighting, winter air-conditioning, provision for the fullest use of electricity and for expansion of this as electricity in the home grows in use, plenty of closet-space and storage-space, while the rooms are carefully arranged to give to each the proper exposure to sun and air.

Breaking the Chains

"To understand the principle and intention behind *Collier's* house, you will have to remember that it breaks away from a number of chains which have bound the small house slavishly to the past. The truth is that architects have not until recently given much attention to the small house, just as they gave little attention to the low-priced apartment house until recent years. There was therefore no pioneering in design or organization. The small-house builder clung to the established methods of planning and to orthodox materials. As a result he went on putting into houses things which cost more than houses in those cost-brackets could stand."

Gabled roofs have been axiomatic in house design. Local conditions long ago, water- and snow-shedding necessities

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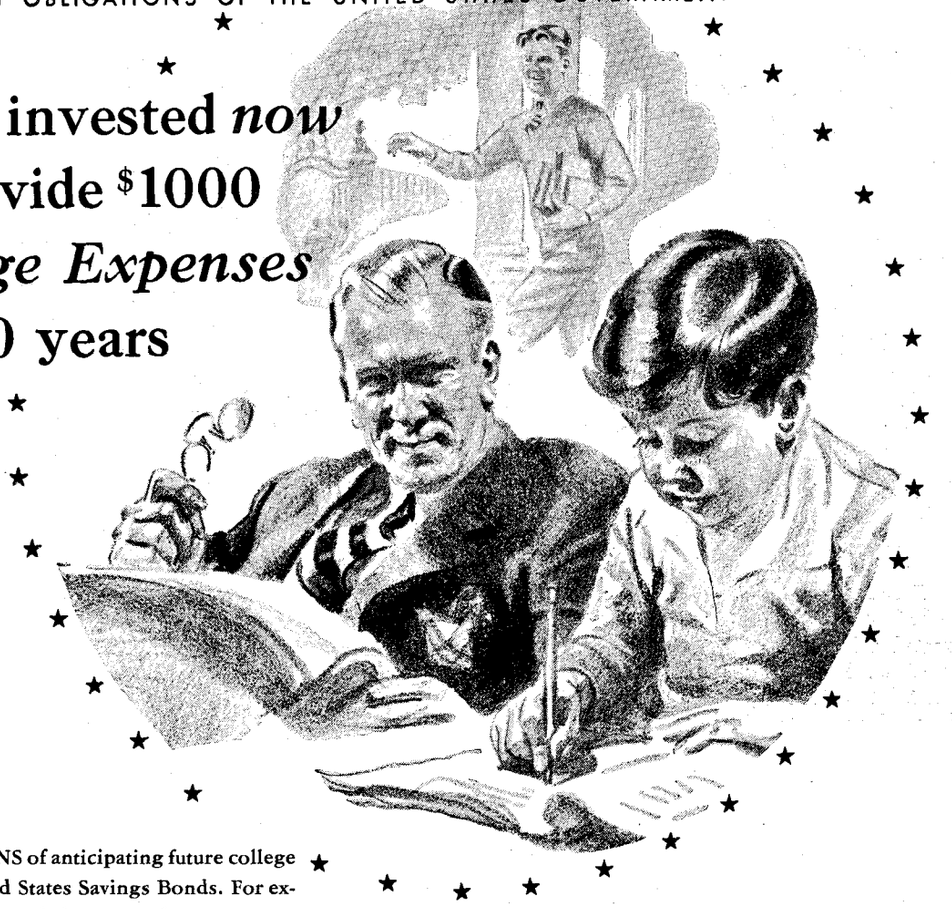

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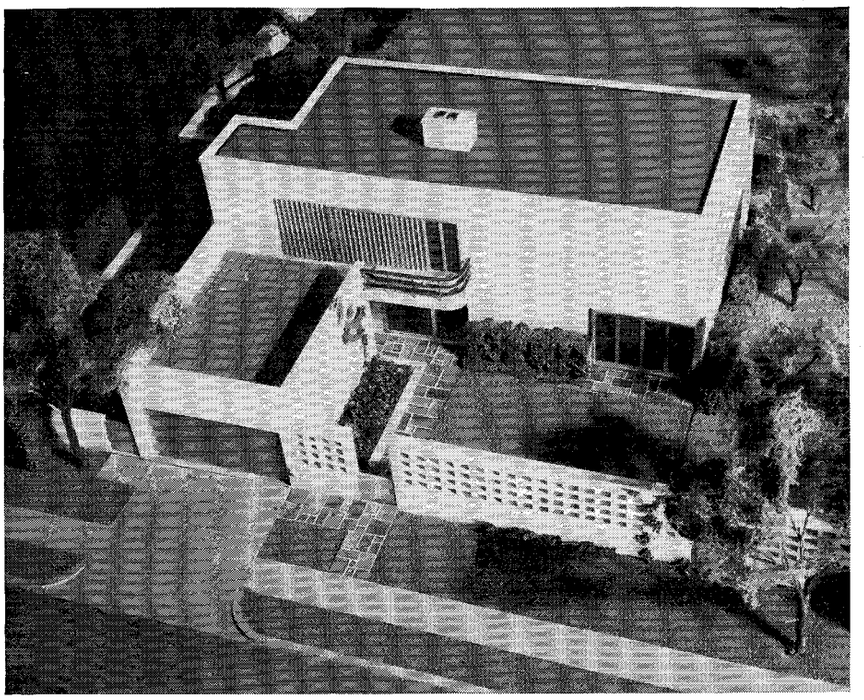


Courtesy *Collier's*

Rear view of a modern house: the corrugated door is the entrance to a built-in garage

created a habit. Architects continued to use them. Modern materials are so good that a flat roof is best, has done away with the need of a pitched roof. Such a roof may still be hitched onto a modern house, but it won't be as economical as a flat roof.

In ancient times, for utilitarian and sanitary reasons, stables were in the rear of estates, well-separated from the dwelling. When garages supplanted stables, architects continued to put them in the rear of the property. The reason for that departed, but the habit did not. Modern houses have broken the habit. Garages belong with the house and may be entered from it. It helps in bad weather, saves footsteps in any weather.

For years, in America, the front of the house has been the abode of living-room, dining-room and porch. The neighbors, therefore, always knew who was calling.

European architects recognized this was false. They therefore put kitchens and the like flush with the sidewalk, and the family rooms faced gardens in the rear. This not only gave the family a more charming vista than that of the open street and gawking neighbors, but insured privacy. Modern architects have taken that trick from Europe. Garage, kitchen, and maid's room are what the neighbors see now. Bridge-playing, family squabbles and shirt-sleeved terrace-sitting now take place in the back, overlooking the private garden.

From the material point of view, modern houses are joy to architects. They also seem to be the joy of home-owners who have specified them. Mr. Flynn explains:

"The house itself is fireproof. That is put down as a major advantage in modern home construction. The shell of the house is concrete. The floor joists are steel beams and the crude floors are concrete, cast in steel frames. These floors have two-inch wood pegs cast every two feet in the concrete in case the owner wishes to tack down a carpet at some time. Or wood floors may be laid over the concrete.

"The partitions are gypsum blocks and plaster. The blocks are hollow. Thus the twin benefits of fireproofing and soundproofing are conferred upon the rooms.

"The exterior may be finished in any material which suits the owner's taste.

Endless Variety

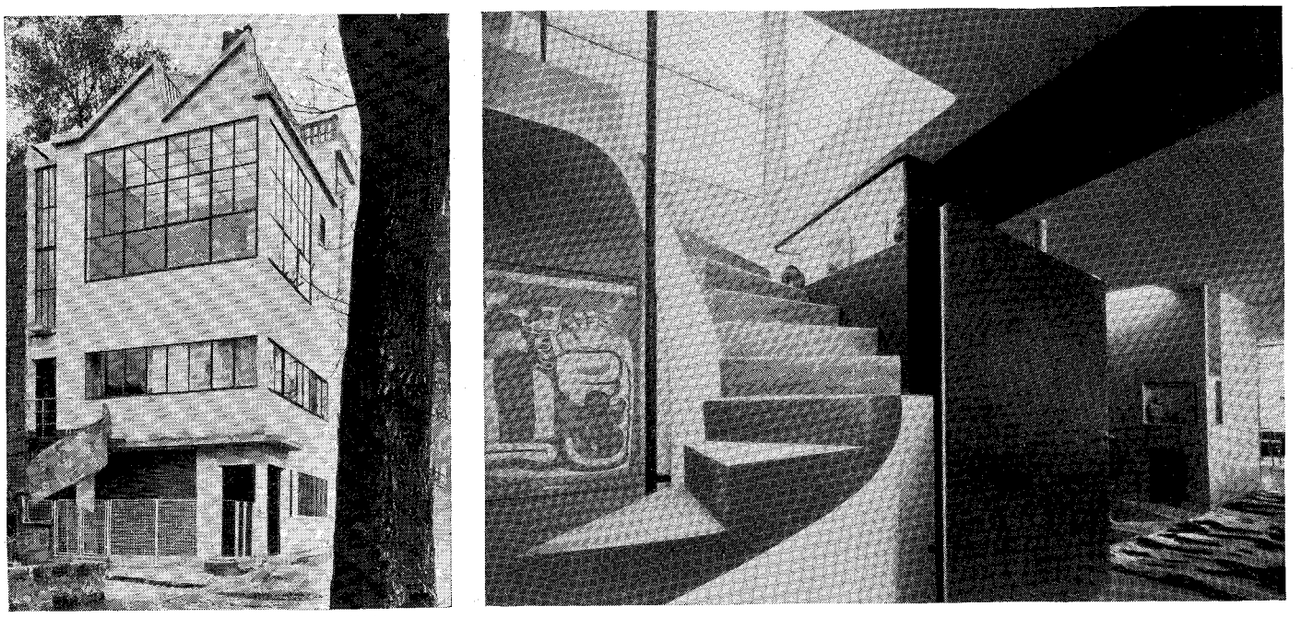
"But once inside an endless variety of materials is encountered.

"Here, for instance, let us take the matter of floors. The owner is not limited to a single material or two. In the entrance hall the architects have used a waterproof rubber tile, resilient, silent, easily cleaned, durable and available in a multitude of colors. In the dining-room they have specified terrazzo, made of marble chips mixed in cement and laid as a concrete between brass strips. It is intended to have a rug under the table. In the living-room and study the floors are of cork—quiet, resilient, decorative."

There are many other attributes to a modern house. Controlled ventilation, the sealing out of cold air, or hot, and modern wiring making future alterations in electrical equipment easy, are only part of the architectural picture.

Lastly, without making a monstrosity of the whole design, a modern house is not unlike an accordion. It may begin as a small, squeezed-tight unit and, through the years slowly expand into a large dwelling. Its final, enlarged exterior design will conform without a trace of incongruity.

A well-designed modern house, added onto, does not look like a piano-case onto which some one has nailed a soap-box.



Photographs Courtesy Museum of Modern Art, New York

Modernism in architecture abroad: the exterior and interior of two houses in France designed by Le Corbusier

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News of the Book World

South Riding. By Winifred Holtby. 570 pp. (New York: The Macmillan Company; $2.50.)

The Roosevelts, the Hitlers, and the Edens control our destinies; but the local authorities control our every-day occasions. The chancelleries of the world determine who shall fight whom, but they do not fix the speed limit or the holes left by the frost in the road; they do not hire the firemen to save a burning home or the police to keep our streets safe.

This is true in England, even as it is true in America or Timbuktu. The nation is a collection of communities and man in the mass has never been able to think of life in terms of the world. It is a thing too often lost to sight by novelists who think they are far-sighted.

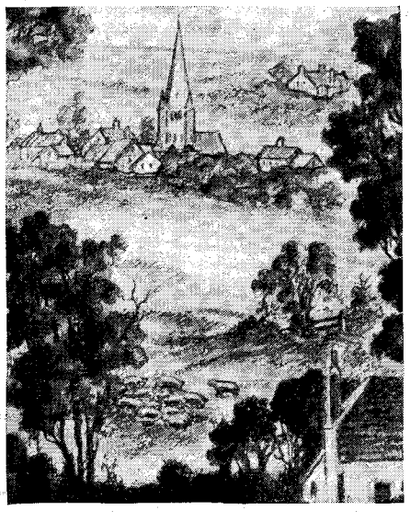
Because she has appreciated this difference, Winifred Holtby's "South Riding," in all things British, offers no perplexities to an American reader.

A County Council, too, is more than a collection of committees appointed to investigate and regulate road-building and plumbing restrictions and to define infractions of the peace. Its members, in passing regulations, are regulating themselves; the background of their homes and private lives they can not escape.

Thus, *Councilor Carne* had always on his mind the place his family had held for generations, and the wife of his bosom, who in herself was something of a problem. He is as much the story as is *Lydia* and how *Mrs. Brimsley's* fateful intervention contrived to permit the girl's return to school.

South Riding, itself a small community, appears upon a large canvas and reminds one unconsciously of that too-soon-forgotten American community book, "Middletown," tho it resembles it only in its report upon a cross-section of the full and abundant life, not of politics, but of the good burghers and farmland citizens who

Winifred Holtby, fictional biographer of the world's "good burghers and farmland citizens"



From the jacket design of "South Riding"

are in the last analysis England, America, Canada, France, or Germany.

Winifred Holtby is dead, and Vera Brittain has been recruited to remind the reader that her passing is a loss to English letters. "South Riding," as a fictional biography of the real unit of civilization, has nothing to compare with it on the current list. It is a magnificent epitaph for Winifred Holtby.

* * *

Locos. By Felipe Alfau. 307 pp. (New York: Farrar and Rinehart; $2.50.)

Felipe Alfau is a Spaniard who writes in English in a manner likely to be most disconcerting to the timid who seek in fiction a substitute for the living verities. He runs up and down the scale, from human exaltation to human depravity, and at times his tale is pretty strong stuff.

His book, subtitled "An Author at the Mercy of his Characters," is, however, the first of a publishing experiment in which the Messrs. Farrar and Rinehart announce they aim to please "the untamed reader," the idea being to publish autographed first editions, either the first work of an author, the first book of an author to be published in America, or a complete departure from his former works by an author of established reputation.

The reader would be well-advised, however, to read "Locos" for itself, rather than for the author's name on the fly-leaf.

Take, for instance, the strange tale of *Chinelato*, who served roast pig to *Madame*, his wife, so that she collapsed and died after three days and three nights. The inference is too horrible to repeat, but the author explains in a foot-note that *Chinelato* "insisted upon being very evil at this point in the story."

Then, there was the strange case of *Dona Micaela*, who periodically died. "She loves death for itself and has detached it from all the intimate links that bind it to life," explained *Doctor de los Rios*.

When *Doctor de los Rios* advised her to commit suicide, however, saying the only antidote for death was death itself, the good lady developed a passion for life. How she was cured is as fantastic as all the rest of the book, so that one is minded to ask the author if he was there when *Don Quixote* tilted at a windmill.

Philosophically the author maintains that the reality is that nobody sees himself as others see him, not even these atrocious and impossible creatures he has brought to the café in Toledo called "de los Locos," which is to say, "Café of the Crazy."

But if the whole is nonsense, it is amusing nonsense, provided, of course, that the reader is numbered among "the untamed."

* * *

Southern Album. By Sara Haardt. 289 pp. (Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Doran and Company; $2.)

"Southern Album" carries its own review in the form of a preface by H. L. Mencken which is an appreciation of the late Sara Haardt, his wife.

"The thing that obsessed her, thinking of the South, was the dramatic contrast between the old dying and the young struggling to live and thrive," he tells us, and sure enough, in the very first story, one comes upon *Mary Julia*, asking *General Lynn*, veteran and *blessé* of Gettysburg, "why General Pickett hid behind a barn instead of leading his division when you were wounded."

Throughout, the young are seeking to break through the South of the old, as when a family comes back to life upon the death of a mother who ran it.

The writer had fought the land of her fathers, too. "She emerged from her teens at a time when a revolt against the threadbare Confederate metaphysic was rising in the South," says Mencken, "and her restless and heterodox mind led her inevitably to join it." Thus she is encountered in Montgomery, Alabama, working for the suffrage movement.

Northern women have come down to speak in the streets. They are about to go to jail for disturbing the peace, it being long before gentlewomen could properly engage in causes more active than knitting socks for soldiers. Sara Haardt saved the situation by mounting a soap-box, too, for it was also long before a Southern woman could properly be arrested for anything short of murder.

There is a note of revolt in the story, "Little White Girl," in which *Susie* learned from *Alicia* that she was now too old to play with *Pinky*, the daughter of the black mammy; but, as Mencken says:

"Her political ideas were extremely simple, and not, I think, without their high plausibility. She believed (a) that life in America would have been pleasanter if the South had won the Civil War, and gone on in its own way, without Reconstruction to wreck and craze it, and (b) that all candidates for office, without regard to party, were undoubtedly clowns and probably scoundrels."

The preface finds Mencken at his appreciative best, even as the Sara Haardt part of the book reveals the groping of her generation for the avenue of escape from outworn legends that cause people to worship at the shrine of yesterday.

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Current Poetry

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GOING HOME

By Henry L. Gavan

I'm going back to Kilmactigue,
To Sligo in the Spring;
And, oh, to hear in leafy lanes
The thrush and blackbird sing;
To see anew the shamrocks bloom
In field and sheltered glen,
That nestle round the Claddagh hills—
I'm going home again!

The paths I trod in boyhood days
Shall know my steps once more;
I'll visit shrines of saint and sage
From lovely shore to shore;
Beside the Moy I'll muse and dream
Of Erin's storied past;
My road is now to Kilmactigue,
Oh, fortune, speed me fast!

When dawn above the Irish coast
Dispels the gloom of night,
With joy shall I behold again
The land of lost delight;
And when the sun in liquid gold
Sinks over Corthoon Hill,
My lips will utter thankful prayer,
My soul with gladness thrill.

I'm going back to Kilmactigue—
Oh, blessed ship and train!—
I'll see the river by the road
And feel the scented rain;
Thank God that now 'tis come to this,
The die at length is cast,
To places holy in my heart
I'm going home at last!

—*Old Castle Garden.*

PREMONITION

By Marguerite E. Hoffman

When Mary . . . in Jerusalem . . .
Was yet a little child,
She spoke in wisdom past her years . . .
Her gentle mother smiled.

The moon showed through the olive-trees
When Mary lay at rest.
"O, Mother dear!" she called. "One star
Seems brighter than the rest."

"Hush, Mary—sleep!" the mother said.
"The stars look quite the same.
To please you, I shall come and see
The certain one you name."

Two branches met across the moon
In weird, unearthly grace—
And formed a cross whose shadow fell
Upon the Virgin's face.

A terror chilled the mother's heart—
But Mary laughed in glee:
"The brightest star in all the world
Is shining just for me!"

The woman quickly drew the shade
Until her daughter slept . . .
But God seemed near, and comforting,
While Mary's mother wept.

—*Kaleidograph*

PREY

By Eleanor Hammond

Love comes
On velvet-padded paws
To pierce warm flesh
With tiger claws.

And I, with wounds
Too lately red,
Cringe at the sound
Of that soft tread.

—*Silhouettes*

B. Y. WILLIAMS, who lives in Cincinnati, is the author of two books of poetry, "House of Happiness" and "Apples of Gold." Her work has appeared in numerous magazines here and abroad

LET IT BE APRIL

By B. Y. Williams

Let it be April when love comes to me!
Let creamy dogwood blossoms like rare lace
Be fastened here and there with careless grace
Upon the pale green robes worn glamourously
By all the hills. Let each small redbud tree
Stitch busily with vivid threads to trace
Bright, delicate designs wherever space
Is given for more loveliness to be.

Let it be April! There is nothing more
To crave if love, the ecstasy supreme,
Be blended with the ecstasy of spring!
Then, heart, turn sentinel; make fast the door
Against all things imperiling the dream—
Lest love, like April, prove a transient thing.

—*Good Housekeeping.*

CADUCEUS

By Sonia Raiziss

A wand of sun
Is so pure a golden pestle
It should crush the crowded evil
In the mortar of a room.

—*American Prefaces.*

BUT SPRING IS LOVELIER

By Sara Van Alstyne Allen

Here we shall walk, and here the early spring
Will come, looking at us like a shy child
Whose words are budded and whose slow laughter
Breaks from a tremulous, secret mirth.
With time the tenderness of brooks will sing
A deeper melody in sun and shade,
And the young grass will deepen and grow sweet
Beneath the richer garment summer wears.
But spring is lovelier, and lean and tall . . .
Hungry from winter and the winter wind,
A girl whose mouth holds back the smile it knows,
Whose arms are thin and wind-swept like new trees,
Whose hands are the first flowers after snow.
And when we look again upon her face
We shall remember some forgotten dream,
And dreaming . . . take the path along the hill.

—*The North American Review.*

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The Lexicographer's Easy Chair

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

As this Department receives a great many more inquiries than it can publish, only such of these as appeal to the Editors as of general interest to the greatest number of Readers are printed.

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers who require immediate attention will receive it if they enclose a stamped return envelop. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

at long last.—"L. J. H.," San Diego, Calif.—This phrase, tho in comparatively rare use to-day, is well established. It has been in use for at least four hundred years, and such careful writers as Thomas Carlyle and James Russell Lowell employed it. It is variously used to mean finally, ultimately, or, at the end of all.

debris.—"E. S.," Fort Lewis, Wash.—Inasmuch as the word *debris* has now taken a place of its own in the English language—in which the acute *e* has no part—it may with equal correctness be spelled as an English word or as a French word. If the former, it is spelled *debris;* if the latter, *débris.*

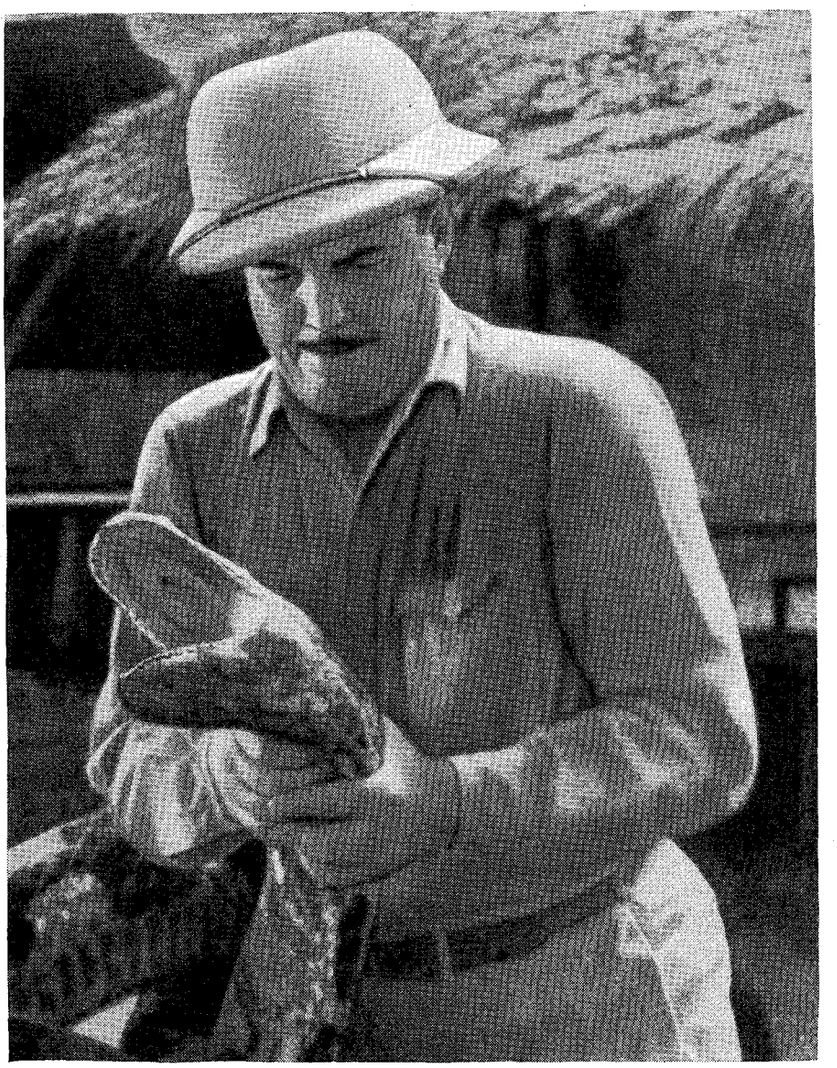
fire (a gun).—"G. G. P.," St. Paul, Minn.—The phraseology used, ". . . when a man deliberately *fires a gun into the body* of another . . . ," is established English usage, and has been for approximately ninety years. In 1847, Frederick Marryat, the English novelist, in "Children of the New Forest," wrote: "Edward *fired* his *gun* into the body of the man." This usage has been relatively common and has given rise to the definition of *fire,* "to discharge or let off, as a gun."

hormon, chalon.—"W. J. L.," Chicago, Ill.—The secretion or exciting agent is, in the singular, a *hormon*—sometimes written with a final *e,* first *o* as in *or,* second *o* as in *own,* and accented on the first syllable. The plural, *hormones,* is in three syllables—*hor'mo-nes,* with *e* as in *me.* The word is directly from the Greek, meaning exciting, and follows the Greek formation of plurals.

The antihormon or *chalon,* pronounced *kal'on, a* as in *shall, o* as in *own,* is also Greek, and forms its plural in the same manner—*chalones,* pronounced *kal'o-nes, e* as in *me.*

gasoline.—"M. R.," Hicksville, N. Y.—*Gasoline* is generally referred to as a *manufactured product.* In the instances in which *gasoline* is obtained from natural sources, as casing-head gasoline in certain areas in California, it is referred to as *natural gasoline.* Otherwise, the *manufactured product* is usually considered when the term *gasoline* is mentioned.

reelect.—"M. M.," Baltimore, Md.—The dictionaries are all silent on any shades of meaning of *reelect.* Nevertheless the term *reelected* conveys the idea of continuity in office, of succession to oneself. When succession is not continuous, when there has been a hiatus between terms of office, the gap is ordinarily indicated by the expression "elected again."



In a Malayan jungle I made my Strangest "Find"

by **Frank Buck,** *Author of "Bring 'em back alive"*

TRAPPING and handling ferocious animals is no joke, but I'd rather face a wild beast than shave with a shoddy blade.

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Yes, these blades—in department after department—seem to be examined as closely as a bacteriologist searches for microbes on a slide. And after the final inspection the blades are sprayed with a special antiseptic solution and placed in their sanitary waxed paper wrappers.

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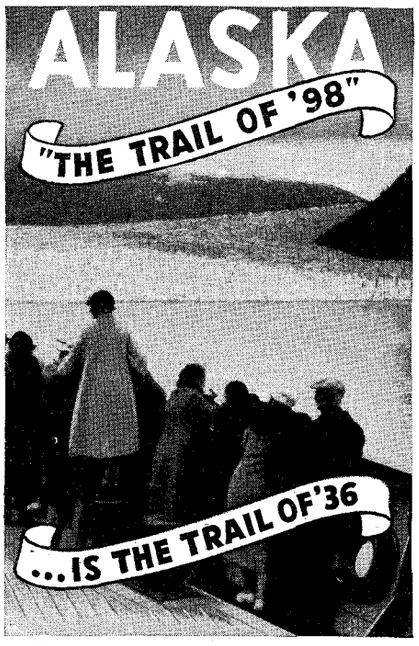

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Science and Medicine

Feeling Fit at Forty

It Can Be Done, Says Doctor Skinner, If You Have Will Power to Exercise Properly and Avoid Harmful Indulgences

Dr. George Alfred Skinner, who has trained thousands of men to physical fitness for the Army during and since the War, spoke out last week to the middle-aged who would like to get back their youthful vigor and elasticity.

It's a tussle, Doctor Skinner admits, but not at all impossible.

In the April *Hygeia,* the former Army colonel says the first step for flabby middle-aged men is to make up their minds whether they are willing to forego the pleasures of the table and the indolent life, for this is the price they will have to pay.

The "comeback" requires a more or less thorough reorganization of life. It involves discontinuance of habits that interfere with health, activity when one has an inclination to loaf, and, in general, realization that "physical well-being is the most valuable asset one can possibly possess."

But, of course, a fundamentally sound body is necessary. A middle-aged man who plans to get back some of his physical youth must first go to a physician for a thorough examination.

Walking Approved

Then he should start taking regular, pleasant exercise. There isn't a better, pleasanter kind of exercise than walking. At first the walks should be short and easy. Rest at the first sign of fatigue or shortness of breath. Return of muscle tone is a process that can not be hurried.

Rapid breathing at slight exertion is a common trouble with many who have allowed themselves to grow flabby. This can be overcome by repeated short excursions. It is better, too, if the exercise has a purpose. Walk to work, or to the train. Exercise for its own sake, such as calisthenics or aimless walking, will grow tiresome and hard to continue.

Golfers will say that they get plenty of that kind of exercise, and still they grow flabby. Doctor Skinner doesn't agree. Golf is a fine sport, he finds, but it's too leisurely. It shouldn't be abandoned, but other walking must supplement it.

Then there is the overweight problem, which usually goes hand in hand with flabby muscles in middle age. The diet should be regulated, under the advice of a physician, until the weight is brought back to about the average for the height.

Extra weight is more dangerous after middle age than earlier; another reason for controlling it. Fat overloads the muscular system, and often interferes with the heart action and the body's chemistry. But overweight, like muscular flabbiness, can be controlled by changing habits of indolence and overeating.

The question of tobacco and alcoholic liquors is certain to come up.

On the whole, Doctor Skinner is inclined to look with displeasure on both; and tobacco, especially, because of its tendency to affect the heart. In any case, alcohol and tobacco should be used in moderation.

The gravest danger to many men, he thinks, comes in the vacation season. For some unknown reason, soft, flabby men will undertake physical strains at this time of year that they would never dream of at any other time. Serious damage may result.

Doctor Skinner is no preacher of one course and doer of another. He takes his own medicine, and the results are something to show.

He is sixty-five, will be sixty-six in June. Six feet, seven inches tall, he weighs 183 pounds stripped, and says his weight hasn't changed since he was twenty-two.

He played tennis until he was fifty-seven; now he prefers the less strenuous sports of golf, walking, and working in the garden.

He has some ideas about lawns; he pioneered in trying to grow bent-grass in Omaha, but gave it up when the soil proved inhospitable. Then he went after dandelions with gasoline, and found it effectual.

Until he was retired a short time ago, he was chief medical officer of the Seventh Army Corps Area, with headquarters at Omaha. Now he occupies the chair of Public Health at the University of Omaha.

This summer he plans to go to the University of California to try for a new degree, that of Doctor of Public Health.

Wide World

Fit at forty and far beyond: George Bernard Shaw, now seventy-nine years old

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"Dating" Old America

Indians Battled Drought in Time of Crisis 600 Years Ago

Dr. Andrew Ellicott Douglass started out fifteen years ago to study the sun, and ended by pushing back the history of America nearly to Roman times.

The venerable astronomer is now sixty-eight, and Director of the Steward Observatory at Tucson, Arizona. Last week he revealed, in a special publication of the National Geographic Society, how he unraveled the puzzle of tree-rings to find the age of ancient *pueblos*.

As an astronomer, Doctor Douglass was interested in the sun-spots, and their possible effects on earth. He thought a study of the growth-rings of trees would show whether the weather is affected by the recurring sun-spot cycles.

Growth-rings are what give "grain" to wood. They can be counted as concentric circles when a stump is cut square off and polished. Each year a tree adds an outer ring as it grows. The thickness of the rings is determined by the season. Good growing years produce fat ones; drought years yield leaner rings.

Doctor Douglass counted and measured the rings of thousands of freshly cut trees. He found that they made regular patterns traceable in all trees of the same age. Then Dr. Clark Wissler, of the American Museum of Natural History, sent him samples of beams cut from prehistoric Indian dwellings in the Southwest.

Matching Sequences

That was the beginning of the "tree-ring chronology." For in a given locality the sequence of good and bad years is so faithfully recorded that the series can be extended many times the lifetime of a single tree, by matching together the ring-sequences of older and younger trees.

The first prehistoric village actually dated by the tree-rings in its timbers was that known as Kawaika, in Arizona. A lump of charcoal found in its ruins came from a beam cut in 1495.

Then Doctor Douglass and his aids found even more ancient beams that did not connect up with the sequence dating back from historic times. Of these they made a "floating chronology," dated arbitrarily by giving a prominent ring the number "500."

It required seven years of exploration and digging to close the gap between the "floating chronology" and the historical sequence. Because so few trees were cut during the "gap period," Doctor Douglass and his associates guessed that it represented a time of great crisis.

The missing link, discovered finally in 1929, was a crumbling rotten stump, found in the Showlow ruin, near Holbrook, Arizona. With a few clear, unmistakable rings it bridged the gap. The year tentatively called "500" turned out to have been the calendar year A.D. 1087.

The guess that the "gap" represented a crisis in Pueblo history was amply confirmed. It was a drought time, the most disastrous and prolonged in American history. It lasted from 1276 to 1299.

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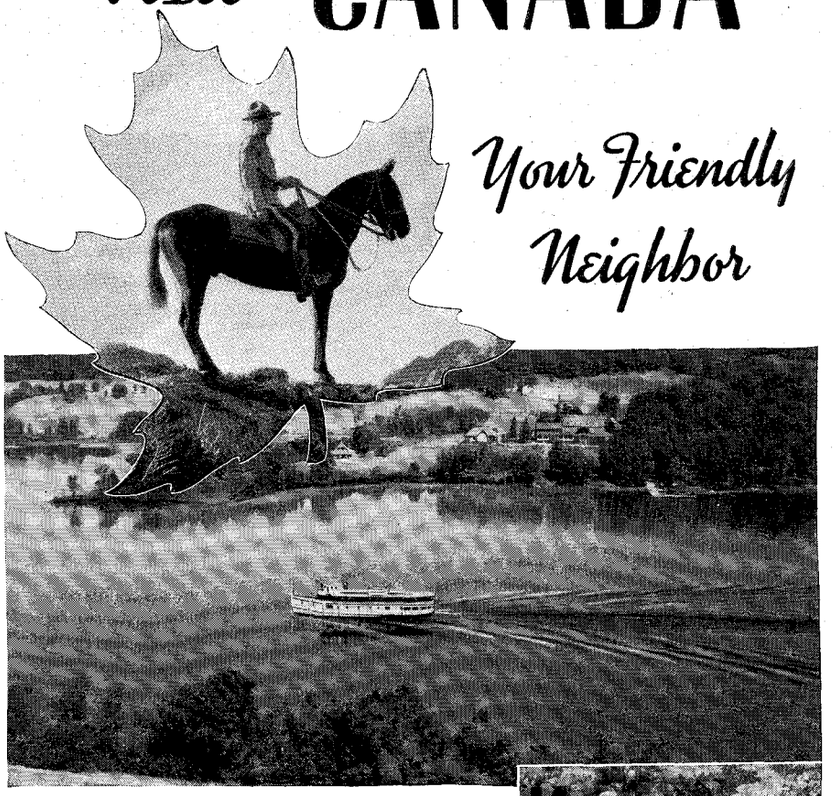

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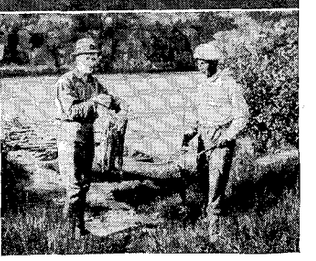

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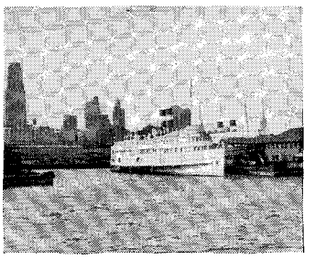

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Power Enough to Last Forever

Oil Resources Still Vast, Waterfalls Plentiful; Reforestation Offers Wood; Tides, Sunshine, Earth's Internal Heat, Await Harnessing

Within ten years from the day in 1859 when picturesque Col. Edward Laurencine Drake drilled the first oil-well near Titusville, Pennsylvania, "informed investors" were selling their holdings. They had heard that the oil-pool was about exhausted, and thought nobody would ever find another.

Since then repeated scares of oil and coal shortage have worried power users. Oil and coal to-day are the world's principal sources of energy. If they were suddenly to be used up, modern industrial civilization would unceremoniously collapse.

But the world needn't worry. An astute measurer of natural resources presented, in the April *Scientific Monthly*, the detailed results of a survey of world energy supplies. Tho oil, and later coal, may ultimately fail, says Dr. Gustav Egloff, of Chicago, mankind has power reserves that will last virtually forever.

Vast Oil Pools

When oil alone is considered, he adds, the remaining supply is enormous. In the last year forty new pools have been discovered, adding to the country's reserves more than a billion and a quarter barrels of petroleum. America uses somewhat less than a billion barrels a year.

Since the beginning of the oil industry, about twenty-six billion barrels have been produced all over the world. Measured in terms of bulk, this isn't as much as it sounds. It would scarcely fill a tank one mile square and a mile deep.

About thirteen billion barrels of crude oil are in known reserves in the United States. An additional thirty-eight to 115 billion barrels are left in the earth that are not recoverable by present methods, but could be mined, as is done in France, or brought up by underearth distillation, a method invented forty years ago by Jesse A. Dubbs, an American, and now used in Russia.

How much more petroleum is in the earth nobody knows. Doctor Egloff estimates that there will be enough for all human needs for more than a century.

When all the pools are gone, there will remain other sources. Coal can be converted into gasoline and lubricating oils by synthetic chemistry. Thus coal will supplement the petroleum supply.

Also, some kinds of rock, such as dolomitic limestone, are rich in oil that could probably be recovered. The City of Chicago is built on dolomitic limestone, each cubic mile containing 7,500,000 barrels of oil. Thus the twenty-two square miles on which Chicago sits probably holds more than a billion and a half barrels of oil.

As for coal, the earth is known to contain more than 7,400 billion tons, which is being used at the rate of a billion and a third tons a year. There is enough coal to last between 6,000 and 10,000 years.

An easily available source of energy besides coal and oil is falling water. Waterfalls will continue to supply power indefinitely. It has been estimated that the waterfalls of the United States could supply 127 trillion horse-power yearly, but we are actually using only forty-two trillion.

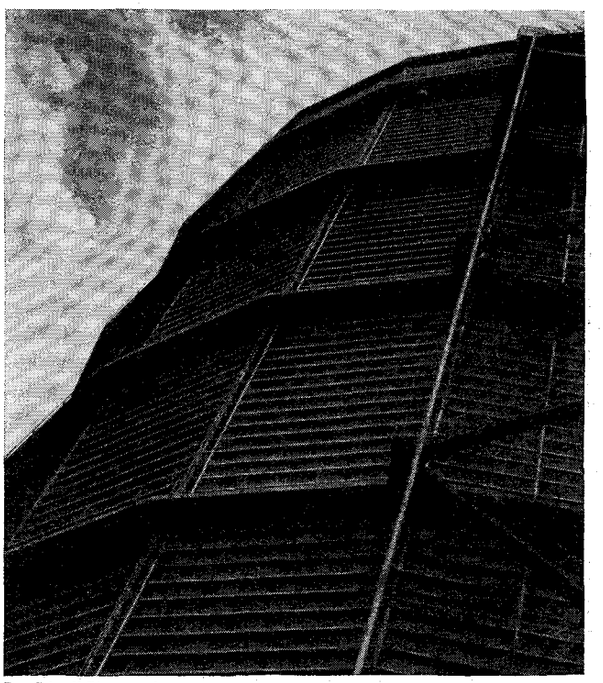
Reforestation Resource

Wood, peat, and oil-shale present further possibilities. Wood was the first heating and power source utilized by man. By proper reforestation, it could be made into a perpetual source of energy. Synthetic chemistry can transform it into motor fuel and lubricants, coke and fuel gas.

Peat supplies are wide-spread over the earth. This fuel also can be converted into motor fuel and oil.

Nobody knows how much oil-shale there is. Every continent has enormous supplies. The world supply of shale oil is estimated to be at least 300 billion barrels, or 200 years' supply if transformed into fuel by simple distillation.

Some other supplies of energy have been almost untouched by mankind. Wind, tho one of the earliest power sources, has not



Ben Schnall Photograph

Mankind's power reserves will last virtually forever

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been industrialized. In 1932 German engineers proposed a plausible scheme for building 1,400-foot towers, supporting vanes 524 feet in diameter, to generate electricity by the winds of the upper atmosphere. They estimated that a unit costing $1,000,000 would supply the electrical needs of a city of 100,000.

The tides have scarcely been harnessed, and contain enormous energy. The internal heat of the earth has not been tapped, save for plants in Italy, where 19,000 horsepower a day is being generated by volcanic steam, and in Sonoma County, California, where volcanic steam is being used.

There is also the heat of the sun, ultimate source of all the energy on earth. If it were possible to convert into power all the solar energy that falls in the form of sunshine on the United States alone, it would furnish 7,000 trillion horse-power, inconceivably more than is needed now to run every machine in the world.

Unhappily, a way of harnessing wind, tide, and sunshine efficiently has not yet been invented.

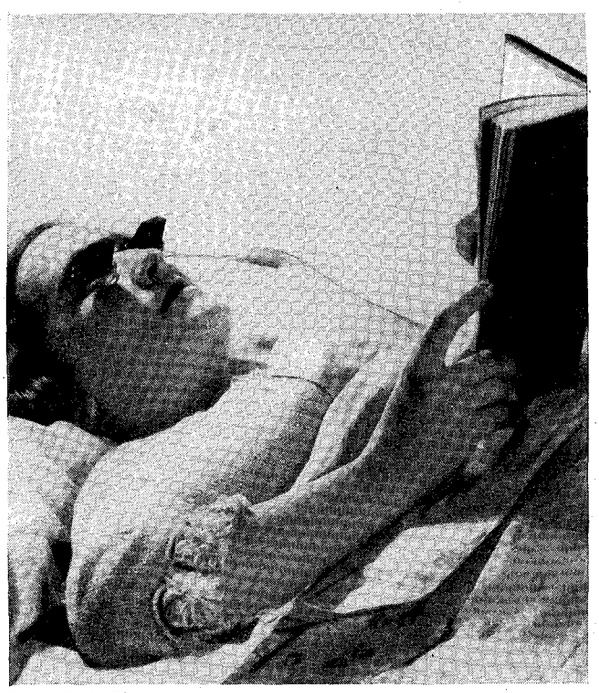
Seeing "Around a Corner"

That homely ailment known as "a crick in the neck," often caused by trying to read in bed, has met its Waterloo at last. Crutches for the eyes, which enable them to "see around a corner" are being adopted by invalids, the bed-ridden and those who like to luxuriate when they read.

The new eye-aids are known as "recumbent glasses," and were invented by Dr. McKie Reid, a British physician. Recently the *Journal of the American Medical Association* described them. Now they are being prescribed for bed-readers, and cost about $35 a pair.

The spectacles contain double reflecting prisms, which reflect the image at a right angle but nevertheless present it right side up. The wearer lies comfortably and ostensibly looks at the ceiling. The prisms bring to his eyes the image of the book-page held easily in the body position.

"Periscope glasses," the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* recently dubbed them.



Science Service Photo

With "recumbent spectacles," reading in bed is easy

"Scientific" Thinking

Many ills of modern society are caused by unscientific thinking.

So believes Dr. Victor H. Noll, dapper, blond-haired young Professor of Education at Rhode Island State College.

Last week Doctor Noll issued a test for "scientific" thinking that cost him several years of experiment. Since some of the work was done at Teachers College, Columbia University, the test was issued through Teachers College Bureau of Publications.

It contains seventy-five statements, which are to be marked true or false. Tho the test is intended for schoolchildren in grades from the eighth to twelfth, it fits adults, too.

Ten sample items are these:

1. If many persons break a law like prohibition, it's all right for any one to do so.
2. There is no use working any harder than is necessary to get by.
3. A high forehead is a sign of intelligence.
4. We won the World War because our side was right.
5. Our next President will be a Democrat.
6. Machinery eventually will replace manual labor completely.
7. The Christian faith is the only true one.
8. Any nation that persecutes the Jews, as Germany has done recently, must be totally uncivilized.
9. One should support the home-team always, no matter what the circumstances may be.
10. If my teacher says a thing is so, it must be so.

Professor Noll says that persons who think the first two statements are true lack intellectual honesty.

If they hold that the third and fourth are true, they have "the common habit of positing mysterious, unnatural, and false causes for events and phenomena."

Persons who take a definite stand on statements five and six are "socially immature," for these items "predict something that may or may not be true."

The seventh and eighth items, in his opinion, measure open-mindedness.

The last two suggest situations where the true scientific thinker would exercise the habit of critical judgment.

Six attributes of scientific thinking, says Professor Noll, are accuracy, intellectual honesty, open-mindedness, suspended judgment, looking for true cause-and-effect relationships, and criticism, including self-criticism.

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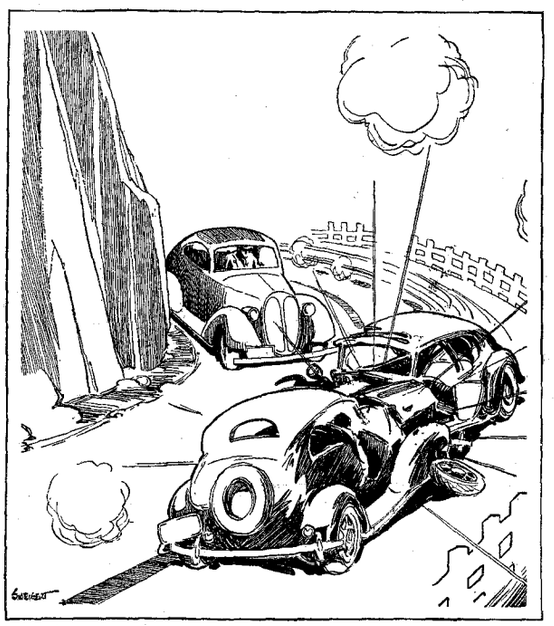
Honors for Safer Highways

Fine Records for Traffic Control in Three States and Six Cities; Evanston Again Wins "Without Miracles"



To Save Five Seconds!

—Sweigert in the San Francisco Chronicle

"Reduce automobile and traffic fatalities." "Promote safety on the highways." The campaign, now so familiar, goes on.

Last week, the National Safety Council, composed of individuals, groups, and organizations, awarded plaques to those States and cities which, during 1935, showed the finest records for safe driving.

The chief speaker at the luncheon meeting, held in New York, and attended by representatives of the winning States and cities, was Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., suave, diplomatic President of General Motors.

"We know what the enemy is in the war on traffic accidents," he said. "It is an unholy alliance of ancient and inadequate highways; automobiles that are too old for safe use, or that have been allowed to become old before their time; antiquated and conflicting laws; drivers and pedestrians who do not know—and, all too often, do not care whether they know—how to conduct themselves safely and courteously.

"We have learned that there is no single cause of accidents, but many causes. No victory is to be won by debating whether the chief hazard of the highway is liquor or excessive speed, or carelessness, or bad brakes; but, rather, by recognizing that all these, and many other hazards, combine to increase our casualty lists. And that not one, but all, must be done away with.

"We believe that an essential part of the new war on accidents is to arouse and sustain the interest of all of the people all of the time. . . .

"But, important as is the need for education, we must not forget for one instant that the shock troops in this war are the public officials who are charged with building, maintaining, and policing our highways."

Six cities and three States were recipients of the National Safety Council's awards. In deciding on the winners, much emphasis had been placed on the elimination of ticket "fixing," and the enforcement of existing laws. Of a possible 100, 50 per cent. was allowed each competing city for traffic-planning, child safety, public education, and traffic-law enforcement.

Proudest City

Probably proudest of all the cities to be decorated was Evanston, Illinois. For the second time in three years it ran off with the grand prize offered by the Council to cities regardless of size. In addition, it won the record for being first in safety in cities with populations between 50,000 and 100,000: 2.9 fatalities per 100,000.

Said Evanston's Mayor in accepting the prize on behalf of the city: "The results of the efforts which bring us this award are not due to miracles. They can be accomplished by any city which sets out to reduce the toll of accidents upon its streets."

In Group 1, cities of more than 500,000 population, Milwaukee was the winner, scoring 10.8 deaths per 100,000, with New York, second, on a score of 13.3, and Chicago, third, with 22.7 per 100,000.

Other winners were Providence, Group 2, cities with populations from 250,000 to 500,000; Syracuse, Group 3, populations 100,000 to 250,000; Superior, Wisconsin, for cities with populations between 25,000 and 50,000; and Swissvale, Pa. The honored States were: 1, Illinois; 2, Minnesota; 3, Delaware.

Milwaukee's Results

"The results in traffic safety accomplished by Milwaukee," the Milwaukee Safety Commission informs The Literary Digest, "are due to a long-time safety program initiated by the Milwaukee Safety Commission which was organized some twenty years ago. . . .

"Engineering, enforcements, and education [have] been the background of the plan. The enforcement has been effective, engineering practical and education extensive.

"The patient study of details has enabled Milwaukee to decrease its auto fatalities, year after year, for six years.

"For four years it has won the National Safety Council award for having fewer traffic deaths per 100,000 among cities with half a million population or over. . . .

"Channelizing traffic, first conceived in Milwaukee, has converted many bloody spots into safety intersections. . . .

Channels Marked

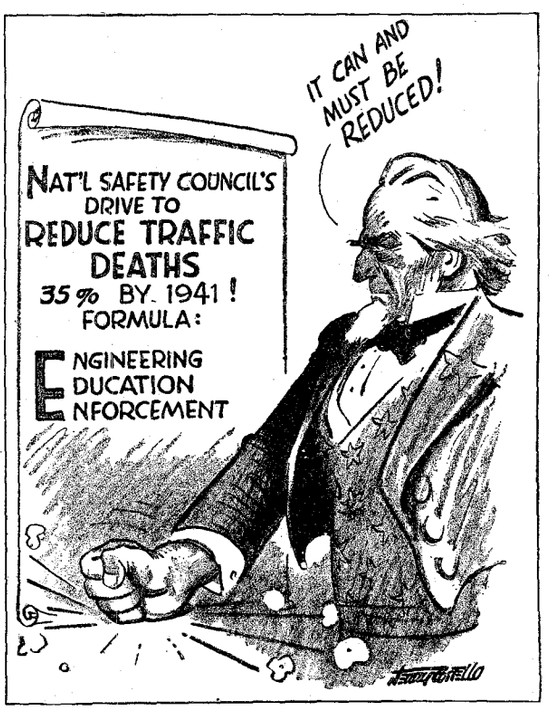
"Channels are marked not only by painted lines, but by long, raised safety islands which guide cars. Approaches are curbed, or pointed, to conform to oncoming traffic. . . . Safety-zone barriers do not safeguard pedestrians at the cost of motorists' lives.

"Schoolchildren in Milwaukee must cross streets at well policed crossings. Subterranean passages under heavily traveled thoroughfares separate school-crossings at other corners. . . . Not a Milwaukee child was killed at school-crossings in six years. . . ."

Spokesman for Minnesota, Gov. Floyd B. Olson, wired The Literary Digest that his State has a public-safety committee composed of representative State organizations, and State officials, which directs a State-wide safety contest among eighty-seven counties and fifty-four cities.

The committee, with a field organization, investigates each traffic fatality, and suggests correction of condition or practise.

And so the campaign for safety continues. But, despite the fine showing made by some cities, automobile fatalities for the whole country in 1935 were almost 1 per cent. higher than in the preceding year.



Another National Budget

—Costello in the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle

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Labor

Roosevelt's "Salesman"

Major Berry Forms Nonpartizan League for Unions' Support

Officially, Maj. George L. Berry's title is President Roosevelt's Coordinator for Industrial Cooperation. Privately, he describes himself as the President's "idea-salesman-at-large."

Since the Supreme Court sent NIRA to its graveyard for New Deal legislation, Major Berry has not been overly busy advancing new ideas for harmony between labor and management, his lifelong task.

So, his fertile imagination has evolved new swaddling-clothes for an old political idea—Labor's Nonpartizan League.

Basically, "the League's purpose for 1936 is to promote the candidacy of the Hon. Franklin D. Roosevelt for reelection as the President of the United States."

Tho the Major has just received an extension for another year of his official coordinatorship (for which he gets no pay), his current task is writing letters to officers of all national and international unions, State federations of labor, central municipal labor organizations, local unions, and the four powerful railway brotherhoods, urging solid backing of the Roosevelt cause.

Popular President

Ideas of the stocky, rubicund Major, who is President of the International Pressmen's Union, carry weight in labor circles. His popularity with his colleagues arose, not only because he started work at eight for $3 weekly as the Jackson (Miss.) *Daily News* printer's devil, but because he has a reputation as a square-shooter.

Printers know their leader, who moistens down his thin, dark hair to conceal a trend to baldness, as does many another youngish man in his fifties. He is heavy-jowled, round-headed, and his hands, with their pudgy fingers, show that he has worked hard. When reading, he wears shell-rimmed glasses.

Much of the time when he is speaking in his soft Tennessee drawl his lips almost seem to be pursed. Asked a question that he does not hear, he will say, "Suh?"

This forthright labor-leader with a political bent is hewed from Old Hickory stock. An orphan at six, he did not learn to read and write until he was sixteen, for he never went to school. Born in a log cabin, he found his birthplace again fifteen years ago. That cabin's logs now are on his Tennessee farm, one of the largest south of the Ohio River, where raising live stock is his successful hobby.

Ever since his father, a United States marshal, was killed by moonshiners when the son was five, to-day's "idea-salesman" has done all sorts of things, and met all sorts and conditions of men. He worked in a St. Louis pressroom as a feeder for $6 a week, and helped his room-mate to wash dishes in return for his dinner.

He gold-rushed in Nevada, worked in one of Tex Rickard's honky-tonks, and on a

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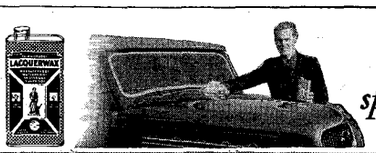

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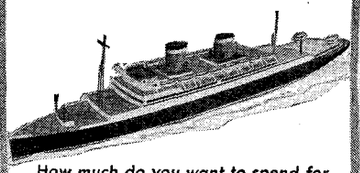

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On the strength of a stirring platform-address, delivered with a college graduate's precise English, the printers elected him their President. He has kept his job for nearly three decades.

With that election his political career began.

In his current Labor's Nonpartizan League he is steering a middle-of-the-road route, leaning to neither Right nor Left of organized labor. John L. Lewis, militant President of the United Mine Workers of America, is one of the League's cofounders. He favors unionization on an industry-by-industry instead of a craft-union basis.

Bitter Fight

The Major and the miners' leader want to embrace in their political League William Green, placid, businesslike President of the American Federation of Labor, who, not long ago, won a bitter labor convention-fight against the beetle-browed Lewis.

Major Berry's unguent for organized labor's sore spots is: Get behind President Roosevelt. Whether that unison in politics will extend beyond November's election is another question.

If history marks any guide-posts, he has a long, up-hill pull ahead for his League.

Broadly speaking, approximately one-fifth of the nation's gainfully employed can be considered a part of organized labor. Never has anything like that percentage been known to vote as a bloc.

Yet, Major Berry does want to galvanize labor behind a Chief he calls "perhaps the most progressive, forward-looking President that we have ever had," who "has contributed in a most practical manner to the processes of industrial rehabilitation measured by the principle of human progress."

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Major Berry, the President's "idea-salesman"

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Education

Striking for Warless World

Students of Nearly All American Colleges Schedule Parades, as Youth of Other Nations Drill for Battle or Foment Rebellions

Promptly at 11 o'clock on Wednesday morning, April 22, 350,000 students, representing virtually every university and college, are expected to strike against war.

Zero hour will be exactly nineteen years and sixteen days after Congress declared a state of war with Germany and President Wilson called for volunteers to join the colors. The mass-demonstration will be the third in the history of active student pacifism, and the largest.

As there are about 1,000,000 students altogether, the young conscientious objectors expected to join the peace parades will be more than a fourth of the total.

If experience is prophetic, some of them will encounter a barrage of rotten eggs, decayed vegetables, stench bombs and a drenching from fire-hose. But their orders are to keep the peace.

This demonstration for a warless world will be in sharp contrast to what youth is doing in most other countries. In Cuba and South America students have helped foment rebellion and revolution. In Germany youths arch their chests in the front ranks of the Nazi troops. In Russia they proudly volunteer for the Red army. Italian boys learn the manual of arms before they are in their teens. In Japan one can have no greater privilege than to die for the Emperor.

Cradle in England

It was in England, however, that the student peace movement was cradled. Three years ago the Oxford Union, a student group of Oxford University, adopted a resolution binding the members never to fight for King and country. It was called the "Oxford oath." An effort to expunge the resolution from the records was defeated by the overwhelming majority of 750 to 138. Similar pledges were adopted by student groups at Glasgow University, Leicester, Manchester, University College in Wales, Melbourne University in Australia, and Western Ontario University in Canada.

In the United States, the first student strike against war was in 1934, when 25,000 students, representing about a dozen colleges, cut classes to join in the demonstration with flags, banners, placards, speeches. The next year 184,000 students, estimates the American Student Union, joined.

In some cases faculties looked on sympathetically and even marched with the boys. In some others they called in the police. Many heads were battered.

At Harvard the Hasty Pudding Club members appeared with wooden swords and helmets; a swastika was burned at Colorado University; a cemetery model studded with white crosses was displayed at the University of Louisville.

Youthful orators blazed away at Fascism, imperialism, loyalty oaths, and professional "patrioteers." The word "strike" is used to describe the demonstration because it is a dress rehearsal of what is expected to happen if the bugles sound again.

Presidents of 500 colleges have been asked to close classes at 11 o'clock on the day of the parades. Early information was that favorable replies had been received from forty, while eight indorsed the strike.

Support had been promised by some of the local posts of the Veterans of Future Wars and by local Y. M. C. A.'s.

Other organizations joining the American Student Union in promoting the strike and fanning the feeble flames of peace are the Student League for Industrial Democracy, the National Council of Methodist Youth, the Youth Section of the American League Against War and Fascism, the National Student League, the American Youth Congress, and the Interseminary Movement. The Emergency Peace Campaign, which begins a two-year drive on the day before the big strike, and other peace societies will lend their sympathy.

The program for high-school students calls for peace assemblies, to be held in the schools under student control. In five of New York City's high schools, however, the students are expected to join the strikers on parade. If they go out without permission, the School Board, it is said, would hold them guilty of grievous disobedience, implying a defect in character, and exposing them to the forfeiture of scholastic honors.

Acme

Oration without soap-box: A Hunter College girl addressing some of the 25,000 students who struck against war in 1934

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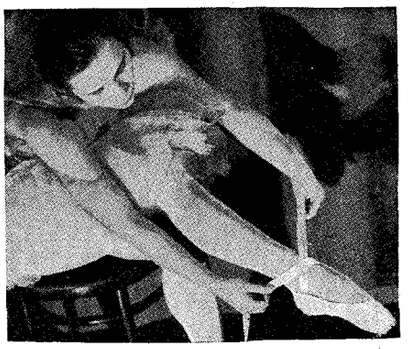

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Photo Margaret Bourke-White

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Mexico's Chief: "Armed Citizen"

Cárdenas Does Not Regard Himself as Soldier, Tho He Was General; Amazed Army by Returning Large Part of Expense Allowance

Wide World

President Lázaro Cárdenas of Mexico and his family lead a quiet life; but revolutions are no novelty to him

Some thirty years ago, a small, swarthy Mexican lad, Lázaro Cárdenas, found himself face to face with the world. On his shoulders rested the care of his newly-widowed mother and seven sisters and brothers.

A small property was not sufficient to support the family. Young Cárdenas quit school and went to work. To-day, with bitter enemies but also ardent friends, he is President and virtual dictator of the turbulent Republic of Mexico.

Last week, three days after his announcement that he would allow hundreds of Catholic churches to reopen, a fatal clash occurred in the village of San Felipe Torres Mochas in the State of Guanajuato.

Combatants were, on the one side, farmers and a cultural mission from the Central Government; on the other, a Catholic group whom Cárdenas classed as fanatics. Eighteen were killed; thirty wounded. Priests, charged by the President with being the ringleaders, were ordered to leave the village.

Used to Revolutions

Disturbances and revolutions are no novelty to Cárdenas.

He was born in the little green village of Jiquilpan de Juarez in the State of Michoacán, May 21, 1895. His father was a farmer.

He first showed his fighting qualities at school, leading groups of boys in battles with stones. He loved drums and bugle-calls and the small, occasional detachments of soldiers who marched through the village. His schooling did not last long. He was eleven when he became a printer's apprentice. Six years later he was in charge of the only press in his native village.

Simultaneously, he found time to serve in the tax office. He was also keeper of the local jail. In 1913, when he had just turned eighteen, he released the only prisoner in the lockup. Together the two set out to join up with Venustiano Carranza against Victoriano Huerta. In 1914 Cárdenas took part in the capture of Guadalajara with General Obregón's troops.

His advancement was rapid — Captain, Colonel, General. May 20, 1920, one day before his twenty-fifth birthday, he was commended for valor by General Calles.

Soon after this, now thoroughly imbued with revolutionary spirit, he joined Calles and Obregón in the anti-Carranza movement.

When he was first made a general the Minister of War placed 100,000 pesos at his disposal for expenses. He spent 7,000 and returned the rest. The amazed Ministry doubted, first, his sanity, then his experience.

The year 1928 found him Governor of Michoacán, his native State. He is credited with serving well. He was interested in education. Economy was his watchword; he reduced State salaries and halved his own. Unused land he expropriated.

Toured Country

During his Presidential campaign in 1934 Cárdenas addressed himself directly to the masses and visited virtually every corner of the country. On horseback he traveled; by train, by air-plane.

Elected to the Presidency by a majority of 60 to 1, he is said to be the first genuine "people's" candidate Mexico has ever known.

He is distinctly a new type among Mexican Presidents. In his veins runs mestizo (mixed Spanish and Indian) blood. Much of his Indian ancestry is apparent in his face, which is roundish with a broad forehead, deep-set, hazel eyes, and a firm, full mouth under a dark military mustache.

Square-set, not tall, he has massive chest and shoulders. His energy seems boundless. He speaks in a low voice, and is shy with visitors.

Not at all the popular conception of a dictator, he has often been called an ascetic. His manner is silent, grave. Simple in his tastes, intensely sober in his personal habits, he does not permit even beer to be served at his table. He favors prohibition for Mexico. His aides do not feel free to smoke in his presence.

His personal courage is unquestioned. Like Vargas of Brazil he has no use for a bodyguard.

Tho much of his time has been spent in the Army he does not regard himself as a soldier, but as an "armed citizen."

Townsend Plan Delver

Counsel for the House Committee investigating the Old Age Revolving Pensions, Ltd., more commonly known as the Townsend Plan (see page 5), is a shrewd young Kansas City lawyer, James R. Sullivan.

Thirty-six years old now, he was twenty-one when he was graduated from the Kansas City Law School. For a while he engaged in private practise, but he gave that up when he was twenty-six to become assistant city counsellor, a position he has held ever since.

He stands five feet, eleven, has blue eyes and brown hair, and weighs about 180 pounds. Most of his suits are gray, his favorite color. He has spent all his life in his home-city.

With other lawyers and with his office employees he is very popular, but he is not gregarious and he belongs to no clubs or social organizations. He has no hobbies. His only recreation is the annual summer-vacation trips he takes with his wife and family. These are usually impulsive.

"Let's go to Minnesota (or Colorado or wherever)," he announces unexpectedly.

He, his wife and his two daughters drop everything, bustle into the car, and leave.

Acme

OARP investigator: James R. Sullivan, a shrewd lawyer with no hobbies

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Sport and Sportsmen

Batter Up; Play Ball

Nine Million Fans and 600,000 Seats for National Pastime

In Washington next Tuesday, barring storm. a husky, tanned right-hander will lob slightly more than a dollar's worth of baseball in the general direction of several hundred thousand dollars' worth of athletes.

Ball or strike, his throw will reopen officially an industry annually attracting the patronage of 50,000,000 Americans.

Since its origin almost a century ago, baseball has mushroomed into a gigantic business involving huge investments, equally huge speculations. To keep stadium turnstiles clicking at their normal rate of 9,000,000 a year, and to get their teams into the World Series money, major league owners spend vast sums on equipment, coaches, and players.

National Game

To fortify their investments they spend time and cash propagandizing the tradition that baseball is America's national game.

Altho basketball actually draws more spectators during a shorter season, the baseball tradition has persisted. It still is the only sport officially launched each year by the President of the United States.

So familiar is the practise of having the President attend on opening day that few fans realize the custom is a comparatively recent one. Fewer still know that the man who promoted the idea will be on deck when the tanned right-hander, President Franklin D. Roosevelt, throws out the ball in Griffith Stadium.

Publicity Innovation

He is Clark Griffith, whose Washington Senators will play the New York Yankees in the park named for him. A quarter of a century ago Griffith was the Senators' new manager. They had been losing games and money.

To get the money to buy more players to win more games, the Senators needed publicity. Griffith knew that William Howard Taft was a moderate baseball fan, had often attended games unofficially. Why not get him to come officially?

Hunch Works

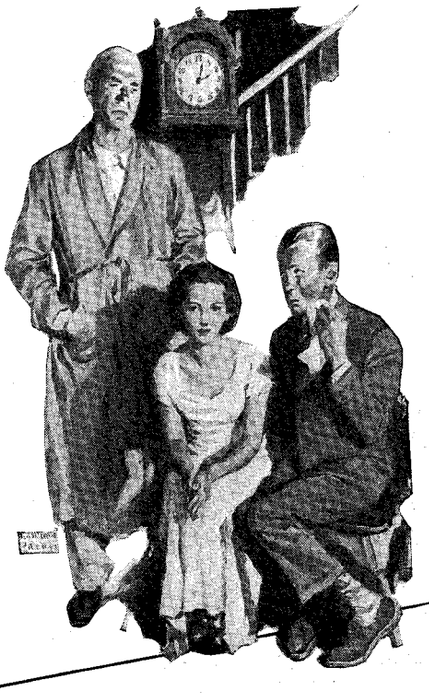
Griffith's hunch was a complete success. For the opening game of 1912 President Taft drew with him a record gate of 14,000. He was invited to "come back any time."

To make it easier for Chief Executives to "come back," Griffith has, since 1913, given each President a leather-bound, gold season-pass. No President since Taft has failed to attend an opening game.

Taft's successor to the job, Woodrow Wilson, was the only one with a curve ball. The most loyal of all Presidential fans, he did not even omit the 1917 opener.

After he left the White House, even after his stroke and partial paralysis, Wilson watched games from his car, a rookie squatting on the bumper to ward off foul drives.

The late President Harding, one-time owner of the Marion Club in the Ohio State



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When the clock strikes two, and the two downstairs
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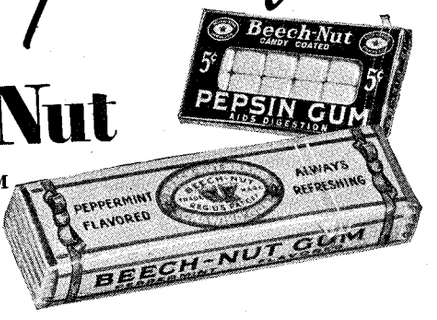

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League, was considered the best baseball prospect ever to occupy the White House.

Most Presidents just toss the ball out, schoolgirl fashion. Harding's pitch always was fast and accurate. He kept his own box-score, frequently made small bets with other members of his party.

After the 1921 opener the late Ban Johnson, former American League President, asked Harding for his score-card. Scribbled on the margin was a notation: "Hoover—$1.00 minus." Herbert Hoover then was Secretary of Commerce.

Early Leaving

Because of the dangers and complications of leaving with the rest of the crowd, Presidents seldom stay for the entire game. With Coolidge an early departure was a matter of preference. His habit of leaving at the most exciting moment irritated his aides.

Herbert Hoover is remembered in Washington as the least able pitcher in the Presidential League. He had steam, but little control, and once winged a news-photographer believed well out of range.

Like all his predecessors, President Roosevelt throws right-handed. Unlike many of them, he never has seen a Washington team lose.

His luck first worked for the Senators in 1917 when, as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, he assisted in the opening-day ceremonies. He saw the Senators win their only game of the 1933 World Series.

In the 1934 opener, he left during the fifth inning, and Washington lost. The President gravely confessed he should have stayed to pull his team through.

Baseball-players are more aware of their audience than most fans realize. Most of them are keenly impressed by the presence in the stadium of the President.

Probably no player in either line-up on Tuesday will be more excited over President Roosevelt's attendance than a rangy, black-haired Italian in the Yankees' left field. He is Joseph Paul DiMaggio, Jr., twenty-one years old, playing his first season with a major league club.

Spaghetti Kid

Few baseball recruits in history have claimed more newspaper copy during spring training than this son of a retired California fisherman. Starting his professional career with the San Francisco Seals, he failed as a shortstop and was shifted to the outfield.

His second season he set a Coast record by hitting safely in sixty-one consecutive games. The Yankees bought him on option.

A knee injury threatened DiMaggio's playing career in the summer of 1934. The Yankees waited to see if he still was in form. DiMaggio never had seen New York. He wanted to go.

So, last year, he made thirty-four homers, one of them the longest in Coast history, batted .398, and was voted the most valuable player of 1935. New York snapped up its option, giving $25,000 and five nondescript players.

DiMaggio has four sisters and four brothers, two of whom, he says, are coming baseball-players. He is quiet, completely self-confident, likes spaghetti and the

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Franklin D. Roosevelt, best of the Presidential baseball-pitchers, in action

movies, doesn't care for books. If he is nervous about succeeding in New York, where so many expensive Coast stars have failed, he has a right to be. For, as Daniel M. Daniel commented in *The Sporting News:*

"In New York there are thousands of fans who believe that the spaghetti kid from the Golden Gate will be the difference between second place, where the Yankees have finished three years in a row, and the pennant."

Despite DiMaggio and his team-mates, experts rate the Yankees a third-place club. According to the poll of the Baseball Writers' Association of America, the Detroit Tigers, 1935 World Champions, will repeat in the American League.

The St. Louis Cardinals are ranked slightly above the champion Chicago Cubs for the National League pennant. For second place in the American League the baseball-writers pick the Boston Red Sox. The Philadelphia Athletics and the Boston Bees are favorites for the two cellars.

Cambridge Oars Win

Rowing, the world's oldest intercollegiate sport, is one of few that have successfully resisted high-powered commercialization. Because admission charges can be collected only from the relatively small number who watch races from observation-trains or boats, rowing holds little interest for ticket-scalpers, but tremendous interest for spectators.

Most ancient and most heavily patronized of all college rowing events is the Oxford-Cambridge race, which dates from 1829. The Poughkeepsie and Yale-Harvard regattas in this country draw from 100,000 to 200,000, depending on the weather, but in England last Saturday 500,000 people lined the four-and-a-quarter-mile stretch of Thames River from Putney to Mortlake for a brief, and free, glimpse of their favorite.

Competition has been fairly even throughout the long history of the race. This year, however, Britons were keenly aware that Oxford had not won since 1923. They knew Oxford had trained hard to snap the twelve-race winning streak, had even substituted milk for beer at training table. With typical British sportsmanship they hoped Oxford would win.

In spite of a cold northeasterly wind and 3 to 1 odds against a popular victory, one of the largest crowds in rowing history turned out for the eighty-eighth renewal of the race. They thought it a propitious omen when Oxford won the toss for the first time in seven years and chose the more sheltered Surrey side of the river.

At the mile the milk-drinking Oxonians were half a length ahead and rowing smoothly. They were still in front at the two-mile point.

British bellows subsided gradually as the Light Blue eight pulled away from a tiring Oxford boat. When the shells entered the last half mile Cambridge was two lengths ahead and had added three more as it crossed the finish line, holding its widest margin since 1929.

Rough water kept the time down to 21 minutes 6 seconds, slowest since 1925. Score to date for the series: Cambridge, 47; Oxford, 40; one dead heat.

To non-Cambridge sportsmen the Cantabs' thirteenth straight was a distinct disappointment. To British brewers and loyal consumers it was a tribute to the superiority as training fare of beer over milk.

Popularizing Golf

The 3,000,000 men and women who play golf in this country spend, according to the "All-Sports Record Book," approximately $54,000,000 a year exclusive of green fees, club memberships, and transportation.

To help a manufacturing concern swell the total, America's leading amateur golfer, W. Lawson Little, Jr., announced last week that he had assumed professional standing.

With another famous ex-amateur, Robert T. Jones, Jr., Little will engage in a promotional venture designed to popularize golf through motion-pictures, lectures, and exhibitions.

The twenty-five-year-old San Franciscan's golfing skill carried him, in 1934 and 1935, to both the United States and the British amateur championships. Where his professional career will carry him was a matter of conjecture among leading American golfers.

Gene Sarazen, noted professional who, like Little, entered the third annual Masters' Tournament at Augusta, Georgia, commented in the New York *American:*

"Little's future is uncertain. Only he can fashion it. The two fields—amateur and professional—can not be compared. Winning for fun and winning when you have to are vastly different."

After the Augusta tournament, Little's first chance to "prove his ability to win in faster company" will come in the United States Open Championship in June, possibly later in the British Open.

THIS IS THE MAN WHO SAID:

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Then he made one grave mistake. Lots of people make it. He said, "What's the difference—all laxatives are alike." And that's where he was wrong!

The laxative he took—*picked at random*—happened to be a harsh, quick-acting cathartic that raced through his system in a couple of hours. It upset him. Nauseated him. Sent pains shooting through his stomach. Left him weak . . . weary. Such drastic remedies should *never* be taken except on the advice of a physician.

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Tax Plan a Moving Target

Manufacturers and Bankers, Communists and Mayors, Take Pot-Shots at President's Proposal to Tax Corporations' Future Profits

Manufacturers and bankers, Communists and mayors, testified in Washington last week on President Roosevelt's suggested methods of raising new taxes.

The witnesses appeared before the House Ways and Means Committee in a lavishly-appointed caucus-room, in which a cream and blue-green color scheme predominated. Appropriately enough, a belligerently-poised American eagle decorated the top of a huge gold chandelier hanging from the ceiling in the center of the room.

For charges and counter-charges rocketed back and forth during the hearing. Committee Chairman Robert L. Doughton of North Carolina even called on a policeman to subdue one witness.

The proposed bill, in tentative outline form, came up to the full Committee out of the Hill Subcommittee. Changed daily and obviously lacking the specific wording of a final bill, it held to the President's main proposal to tax the future profits of corporations, based on the amount withheld from dividends. But even this moving target offered sufficient visibility to attract the pot-shots of adversaries.

Treasury Spokesman

First witness, Commissioner of Internal Revenue Guy T. Helvering, spoke officially for the Treasury. The tax on corporation profits as modified by the Subcommittee, he said, would produce only $591,000,000 in permanent annual revenue instead of the $620,000,000 sought by the President.

Except for the insufficiency, Commissioner Helvering put the Administration's general blessing on the proposals. He cited the President's plan: first, to raise additional revenue to meet regular government expenses; and, second, to iron out tax inequalities as between partnerships, corporations, and individuals.

"There is no intention or desire whatever to interfere with the internal management of business enterprise," he said.

With a stream of private witnesses coming on, Chairman Doughton early evidenced an inclination to "crack down" on adversaries. A representative of a Boston travel tour company quickly found himself confronted with the salary of the company's President.

Keystone

Representative Vinson: His face was red

Wide World

William N. McNair, Mayor of Pittsburgh and a Tartar to the House Committee

"Do you justify payment of such an exorbitant salary ($30,442) to an official and at the same time deny some of the company's earnings to poor stockholders?" Mr. Doughton asked.

At the call of "next witness" on the second day of the hearing, William Nissley McNair sauntered pugnaciously toward the witness-chair. The first Democrat for thirty years to hold the office of Mayor in Pittsburgh, his eccentricities have attracted national notice.

Last fall, to earn money for a fight against stream pollution, the Mayor shared a vaudeville turn with a jackass which he introduced as "the Democratic mule." He warbled operatic bits in Italian, fiddled a tune, and did an amateurish buck-and-wing dance with two blondes.

The lean, six-foot Mayor never took his seat in the witness-chair at the House hearing.

Walking up and down, he carried on his testimony, occasionally pointing a finger at Committee members.

"I'm here to beg you not to take the shirt off our back," he shouted. "The City of Pittsburgh has a function to perform which is more important than that performed by this body."

Committee members gasped at this insult to Congressional dignity.

"I don't beg—I demand that this new tax be not imposed," he continued in high tones. "If you prevent corporations in Pittsburgh from laying up reserves, what will happen to us if another flood comes?"

His deeply lined face alive with excitement, McNair parried questions in picturesque language and frequently criticized Democratic policies. The climax came when he refused to stop talking while a Committee member read something into the record.

"Can't a member of Congress make a statement without you butting in?" asked Chairman Doughton, already enraged.

"Well, he interrupted me," the Mayor fired back.

The Chairman's gavel beat a tattoo. "Can't some one call a policeman?" he shouted, a livid pink flushing his face.

But the Mayor picked up his hat and stalked out before the policeman could reach him.

Wide-Spread Attack

Later in the week Noel Sargent, Secretary of the National Association of Manufacturers, opposed the tax all along the line. His association, he said, has a direct membership of 2,600 companies employing 3,500,000 workers.

Mr. Sargent, an economist and tax authority, said that to levy a tax on undistributed corporation profits was "just like levying a tax on savings banked by an individual. The only difference is that a corporation is a group of individuals."

Other witnesses almost unanimously opposed the tax on one ground or another. But a surprizing sponsor appeared in Max Bedacht, testifying for the Communist Party of the United States. This witness caused Democratic discomfort and Republican merriment by stating that his Party had long advocated a corporate surplus tax whereby the burden would be shifted to the rich.

Political Fodder

Republican Committee members sensed political fodder in Communistic backing for a Democratic proposal and questioned him more specifically.

The Communist, dynamic and stocky, stuck to his guns while Democratic faces reddened. The bill left loopholes but its principle was right. He wanted to tax existing corporate surpluses and he opposed repeal of existing corporate taxes if replaced by new levies.

Representative Fred M. Vinson, Democrat, of Kentucky, sought to extricate his Party from the Communistic affiliation.

"Then you are against this bill because we propose repeal of these taxes and do not include a direct tax on existing surpluses?" he asked hopefully.

"We are not against this bill," the black-haired Communist replied. "We just don't think it goes far enough."

Mr. Vinson's face reddened, amid Republican laughter and applause.

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Standard of Living Up

Chart Graphically Portrays How Industrial Production Rises

Even the pure socialistic State hardly would strive to distribute the products of its manufacturing plants equally to each member of the population.

Needs differ with age, and desires vary with character.

But comparisons of production on a per capita basis may more accurately picture the trend of a country's standard of living than a comparison of absolute production figures.

Comparison "by heads" necessarily must be adjusted to population increases, and indicates the increase in the potential consuming power of the country.

Production Charted

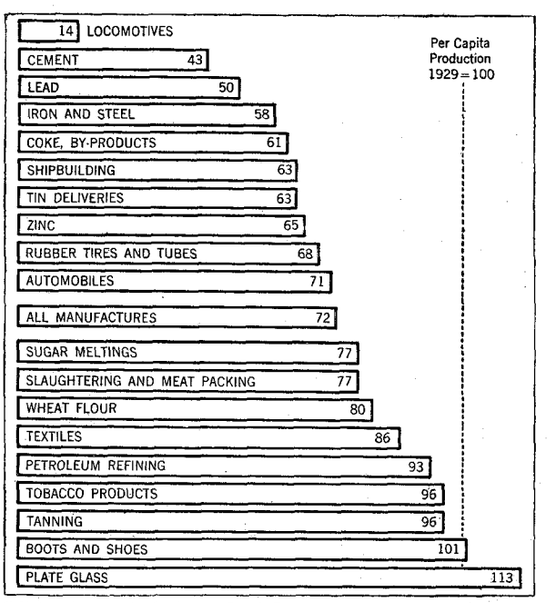
The chart on this page, computed on the per capita basis by the National Industrial Conference Board, compares production in nineteen important industries in the United States during 1929 and 1935. Thus, it allows for Bureau of Census estimates that the country's population has moved up from 121,526,428 persons in 1929 to 127,521,000 persons in 1935, a factor omitted in absolute production figures.

The vertical dotted line on the chart places production in each industry in 1929, computed on a per capita basis, at 100. The figure in the horizontal block for each industry is the per cent. per capita production, 1935, of per capita production, 1929.

Graphic Progress

On this basis, the blocks show graphically the distance the industries went last year toward the 1929 goal.

On the per capita basis, for instance, the country produced only 14 per cent. of the number of locomotives it turned out in 1929. Only two of the industries, boots and shoes and plate glass, exceeded 1929 production. All others show a shortage to be made up before 1929 standards are reached.



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Per Capita Production in Specified Industries, United States, 1929 and 1935

The data for "all manufactures" cover various industries in addition to those shown on the chart.

Information sources include the United States Bureau of Census and the Federal Reserve Board.

More and More Trailers

Little more than five years old as a going proposition, the tourist-trailer industry finds its sales volume doubling and redoubling month by month. Producers worry more about manufacturing than selling in this year 1936.

Reaching this conclusion in its April issue, *Forbes Magazine* surveys the sharp changes the new business presents, which follow in condensed form.

In 1932, manufacturers of homes on wheels went through a year of despair. But, last year brought an increase of an estimated 500 per cent. over 1934, and 1936 sales figures are expected to double and triple those of 1935.

Covered Wagon and Silver Dome generally are acknowledged to be the largest producers, and the former's production schedule calls for 10,000 tourist-trailers in 1936 (tho rivals say that's far too high).

But their competitors—among others, Split Coach, Saginaw, Trotwood, Palace, Aerocar, Gilkie, Trailerplane, Standard, Raymond, Oxford, Fix, Roycroft, Aladdin, Vagabond—refuse to concede them an inch of permanent sales leadership.

Some of the companies in this brand-new business have never made anything but tourist-trailers; others make commercial trailers, as well; still others have invaded the industry from such unrelated activities as making puzzles or steel-stampings.

Logically enough, nearly 30 per cent. of the 250-odd tourist-trailer manufacturers are located in Michigan, heart of the automobile industry, where labor skilled in automotive work readily is obtained.

Distribution, as well as manufacture, is in a state of change and uncertainty. Comparatively few companies agree on what is the best method of selling, and fewer still are selling on a national basis. Some manufacturers sell direct to consumers. Some are concentrating on automobile outlets. Some feel that tourist-trailers are too much of a side-line proposition with automobile dealers, so they are appointing dealers who handle trailers exclusively.

What the tourist-trailer industry will be like ten years from now is anybody's guess. So far, it has progressed from canvas tents on wheels to sleek, self-contained miniature homes on wheels; from production in the hundreds per year to production in the thousands.

Perhaps a tourist-trailer and automobile combined in a single unit lies ahead; one manufacturer will announce such a vehicle this spring.

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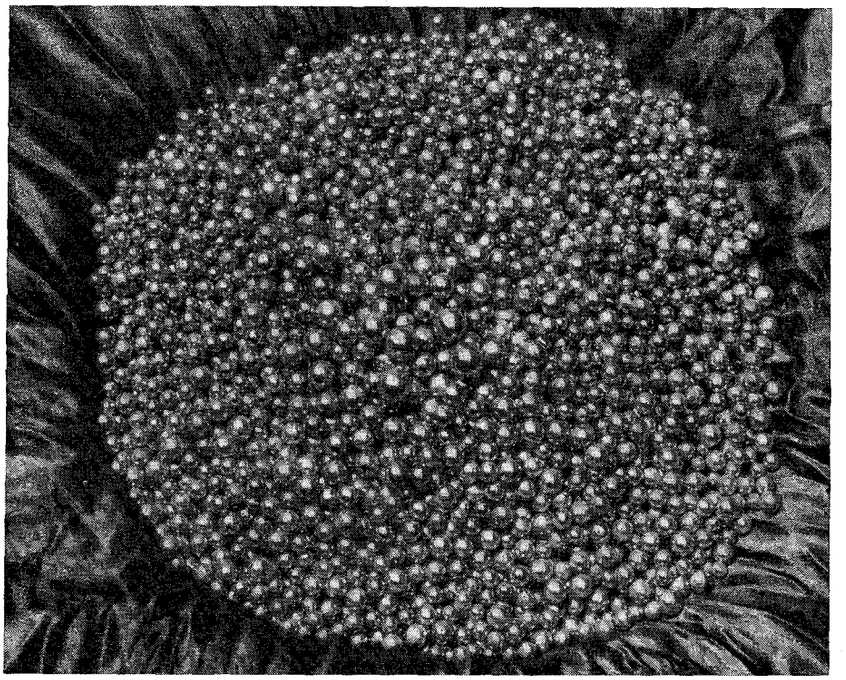
Pearls: Bright Jewels of the Sea

Specimens of Historic Interest in Fifth Avenue Display; Fishing and Trading Customs Quaint; Sales Rising from Depression Low



Persian Gulf pearls—3,000 of them—bought from an Arab chief at the bargain rate of half a million dollars by an American retailer—

Under the blistering Syrian sun, a group of untidy peasant children played listlessly in the hot sand. Suddenly one spied a marching line of great black ants, a grain of white glistening in the pincers of each.

Interested, the children traced the end of the procession to a tiny hole, and dug in the soil. Grubby fingers brought up an ancient Roman jar—how it got there no one knows. Inside dully shone the objects the ants were using to build their homes: probably the oldest pearls in existence, dating back to the second century before Christ. Time and the elements have ruined older gems.

This week New Yorkers saw these ancient treasures and other dazzling specimens of the only sea-jewel in a special exhibit of pearls by Marcus and Company on Manhattan's smart Fifth Avenue.

Imperial Gold Pen

They viewed a gold pen from the collection of Nicholas II, of Russia, glistening with 2,000 pearls, as well as emeralds, diamonds, and rubies. Priced at $4,500, it writes badly.

They gasped over a fish, trapped inside an oyster, coated by the nacre secretion that makes pearls.

Looking down from wall-cases were models of famous women in history whose lives are linked with pearls (Cleopatra, Venus, Beatrice d'Este), carved in Ivory Soap by Lester Gaba.

The Marcus exhibit marks one step in the campaign of one of the hardest-hit industries to climb out of the depression.

During the boom years the United States passed even India as a customer for fine natural pearls. In 1929, out of a world production worth $13,000,000, Americans imported more than $10,000,000 worth.

Then the crash hit luxury products. In 1930 United States pearl imports dropped to $2,780,000; in 1931, to $1,280,000. They hit bottom in 1934, at $477,000. Last year a small but significant gain sent the figure to $652,000.

Primitive Fishing

To produce the jewels that sell in this country for as much as a million dollars a necklace, fishers in the Persian Gulf, between Persia and Arabia, whence comes some 85 per cent. of the finest pearls, use the most primitive methods.

The 75,000 natives who there make their living by wrenching the pearl-bearing oysters from their beds jealously protect their art. They ban diving apparatus and motorized boats.

Fleets of the quaint little ships, with spoon-shaped sails, travel for days to reach the oyster-beds, far off shore. Each diver adjusts bone-pincers on his nose, grasps a rock, and leaps overboard. He may stay under as long as two minutes, then—if he eludes devil-fish, tiger-sharks, and giant clams—emerge with his oysters.

On the homeward trip, all hands tear open the oysters in search for the one rare gem of a lifetime, such as the $250,000 giant found in 1929.

Sometimes a thousand oysters yield only one small pearl.

At the end of the season, good or bad, Arab chiefs of the fisher tribes carry their yield to Bombay, the great pearl market of the world. They will do business only with Indian dealers whom they know.

They never mention price. The bargainers squat on the ground, and clasp each other's hands under a scarf. The negotiations, which may take several days, are entirely by finger-pressure sign-language.

From Bombay the gems usually go to wholesale dealers in London or Paris before reaching the retailer. In 1929, an American, William Elder Marcus, dignified, quiet-spoken President of the New York firm, broke a custom of centuries by buying direct from an Arab chief.

Besides the Persian Gulf, the waters of India, Ceylon, Tahiti, Southern California, Panama, the Philippines, and Venezuela also furnish pearls.

The temperature and mineral content of the waters of each region give its pearls a distinctive color. Rose, cream, white, gray, bronze, black, yellow, lavender, mauve, orange, brown, blue, green—all have been found.

Tricking the Oyster

The high price of fine natural pearls encourages two imitative products: cultivated and artificial pearls. Chinese have known for centuries the trick of inserting an irritant into an oyster to form a cultivated product. American manufacturers make the artificial variety by coating a sphere with a solution made from fish-scales. Both products sell for a fraction of the price of real pearls.

One ingredient eludes the most skilful manufacturer — glamour. For centuries writers have woven legends around the only gem produced by a living process.

Hindus believe that Krishna, eighth incarnation of their supreme Deity, brought the first pearls from the ocean to adorn his daughter, Pandia, on her wedding-day.

To-day in a treasure vault of the Gaikwar of Baroda in India, watchmen guard night and day what is probably the greatest pearl treasure—a priceless rug, ten and one-half feet long and six feet wide, made up of thousands of threaded Persian pearls sewn together. It would have dazzled Cleopatra herself.

—William E. Marcus of New York (center), in native costume at his Bombay headquarters

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The necessity of having a "bread-and-butter" line?
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The Open Forum

Nelson

Sir:—In the March 21 LITERARY DIGEST, you give Lord Nelson's famous saying as "England expects every officer and man to do his duty this day."

According to "Familiar Quotations" by John Bartlett, tenth edition, revised and enlarged by Nathan & Dole, Nelson said: "England expects every man to do his duty."
New Orleans. THOMAS J. RENNIE.

["England expects every officer and man to do his duty this day" was Lord Nelson's signal to his fleet before the Battle of Trafalgar, October 21, 1805, according to "Hoyt's New Cyclopedia of Practical Quotations," completely revised and greatly enlarged by Kate Louise Roberts and published by Funk & Wagnalls Company in December, 1922. As reported to *The Times* (London) of December 26, 1805, Nelson signaled: "England expects that every man will do his duty."

"England expects every officer and man to do his duty this day," is the version, also, of "Benham's Book of Quotations" (London, 1924), which remarks that Nelson's saying usually is quoted as "England expects every man to do his duty."—*Editor.*]

Flood

Sirs:—The terribly exaggerated reports about the recent flood should be corrected.

There has been no actual property loss in Marietta. The loss here has been to merchants who were compelled to suspend business operations until the waters receded.

Many homes were flooded but most families were able to live on second floors. Others were cared for by residents on high ground. Marietta is a town of less than 18,000 and your published report of a $1,000,000 property loss is ridiculous. MRS. F. P. MORSE.
Marietta, Ohio.

Likes Cover

Sir:—I wish to congratulate you on your good taste in giving us the wonderful St. Patrick's Day cover. The sight of young men in military uniform is always a sad one to me—but this one had sweetness and dignity.
BEATRICE C. JOHNSON.
Bradford, Pennsylvania.

Work

Sir:—THE LITERARY DIGEST must be carrying on a campaign to revive the old-fashioned theory of hard work for everybody. In your April 4 issue you quote Henry Ford as saying: "If there's anything wrong with the world to-day, it's pure laziness."

On page 44, in the business section, you quote the head of Metropolitan Life: "Work a little harder; work a little longer; work!"

Then on page 21 is an article in which Maxine Davis complains that the trouble with American youth is that they won't go out and fight for jobs, but expect to get them through "pull." Thus in reading this issue one might get the idea that only a lack of energy prevents the American people from springing back to boom days. After all, there are a great many things wrong with American business that cry for other solutions. J. C. GOODE.
New York.

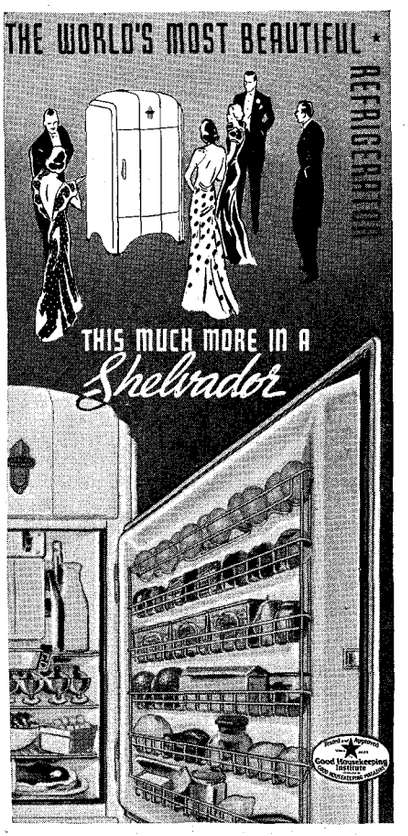
Sorry, Sir!

Sir:—In a recent issue, there appears a picture of Eusebio Ayala, Paraguay's ousted President, and under it, it reads:

> ". . . behind him a statue of Bolivar, liberator of South America."

In the first place that effigy most certainly is not Bolivar's bust.

In the second: Bolivar is not, nor has he ever been, called liberator of South America. He actually liberated only five Republics, and is known as the Liberator of Cinco Republicas Suramericanas. JOSÉ I. GNECCO.
Berkeley, California.



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Where to begin, then? There is no surer way than to get busy and write. Gain experience, the "know how." Understand how to use words. Then you can construct the word-buildings that now are vague, misty shapes in your mind.

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Safe for Baby.—"Did you kill all the germs in the baby's milk?"

"My, yes; I ran it through the meat chopper twice."—*The Log.*

Mere Groom.—"Are you the celebrated lion tamer?"

"No, I only comb the lions and clean their teeth."—*Moustique (Charleroi).*

That Let-Down Feeling.—"You sold me a car two weeks ago."

"Yes, sir."

"Tell me again all you said about it then. I'm getting discouraged."—*The London (Ont.) Advertiser.*

One Fly-Power.—One day two Negroes bought a watch between them. It went wrong, however, and one of them took it to pieces and found a dead fly inside.

"No wonder de watch wouldn't go," he said. "De engine-driber am dead."—*Troy (N. Y.) Times-Record.*

Precocious.—It was the first day of a new term, and the teacher asked a small girl in her class—a new pupil—what her father's name was.

"Daddy," replied the child.

"Yes, I know," said the teacher. "But what does your mother call him?"

"She doesn't call him anything," was the quick answer. "She likes him."—*Everybody's Weekly (London).*

Nonchalant.—A backwoods woman, the soles of whose feet had been toughened by a lifetime of shoelessness, was standing in front of her cabin fireplace one day when her husband addressed her.

"You'd better move your foot a mite, maw; you're standin' on a live coal."

Said she, nonchalantly: "Which foot, paw?"—*The L. & N. (Louisville & Nashville) Employe's Magazine.*

High Time.—"What's your name?" the grocery store manager asked the young applicant for a job.

"Scott," replied the lad.

"And your first name?"

"Walter."

"That's a pretty well-known name," remarked the manager, with a smile.

The boy looked pleased.

"It ought to be," he replied. "I've been delivering groceries around here for two years."—*Tit-Bits.*

His Problem.—Into the night court the other evening, they marched a man who had all the earmarks of a professional tough guy. This chap was as desperate-looking as any gorilla you've ever seen.

The magistrate looked down at the surly prisoner.

"Well," asked His Honor, "guilty or not guilty?"

The prisoner scowled.

"Figure it out yerself," he snarled. "That's what yer gettin' paid for!"—*Mark Hellinger in The New York American.*

Really Lovely.—LIEUTENANT (roaring with rage)—"Who told you to put those flowers on the table?"

STEWARD—"The Commander, sir."

LIEUTENANT—"Pretty, aren't they?"—*Pensacola Air Station News.*

Slips That Pass in the Type

Such Language.—Bing Crosby, listed in 1934 as an actor, a 1 dsawpi$04hrdluhrdluhrdluh actor, was paid $104,449.—*Springfield (Mass.) paper.*

Cannibal Crooks.—
THUGS EAT THEN
ROB PROPRIETOR
—*Dallas (Tex.) paper.*

The Dollar Accomplishes All.—After your finance has introduced you to his family, you should make the introductions of them to your family.—*Washington (D. C.) paper.*

Choked to Death?—A 1935 Ford V-8 owned by B—— W—— of Ladonia, passed away at his home Sunday night, funeral services being held Monday.—*Paris (Tex.) paper.*

We Prefer "Et."—
TO-DAY'S COMMON ERROR
Never say, "She partook of her food daintily"; say, "eat her food."—*Atlantic City (N. J.) paper.*

Ripley Missed This One.—PUPPY—Boston Terrier, male, 6 months old. Has 36 license, also player piano attachment and rolls. C. B. W., West Monroe, N. Y.—*Syracuse (N. Y.) paper.*

But Spring Is Here.—It was decided to order frost proof pants for the Club and Community. Leave orders with Mrs. J. C. T——— or Mrs. B——— R———.—*Maysville (Mo.) paper.*

Decanter Drama.—
LUCAS THEATER
Thursday, Friday and Saturday
"SO RED THE NOSE"
—*Savannah (Ga.) paper.*

Record Spoiled?—
PEACE, PROGRESS
MAR IRISH YEAR,
SAYS DE VALERA
—*Madison (Wis.) paper.*

Will Our Home Do?—
LOSS ESTIMATED AT MORE
THAN $500,000,000 WITH
$425,000 HOMELESS
—*Cumberland (Md.) paper.*

Sporting.—Sportsmen of this country are sharing with others in this state and with conservation leaders in many parts of the country the privilege of helping to save the noted Anderson Hill Wild Wife refuge.—*Hutchinson (Minn.) paper.*

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"Our Records show Plymouth Saves us Money!"

CERTIFIED INTERVIEW
WITH TOM CANTY, MEAT BUYER,
SAN FRANCISCO

"WE PROVE PLYMOUTH GIVES EXTRA VALUE"

"WE CRUISE through the cattle country," says buyer Tom Canty—of Baumgarten Bros., big wholesale meat house of San Francisco. "Lots of times we get off the paved highways... into mountain country. Sometimes where there aren't even trails.

"Plymouths can stand it... and have the driving comfort that helps a man handle this job.

"Operating costs are very important to us, so we keep accurate records. We *know* Plymouths cost less for our buyers and salesmen to run.

"Safety's important, too. Real Hydraulic brakes and Safety-Steel bodies had a lot to do with our picking Plymouth.

"This is our tenth Plymouth... five operating today... great service from every one. That tells what we think about the best-engineered low-priced car!"

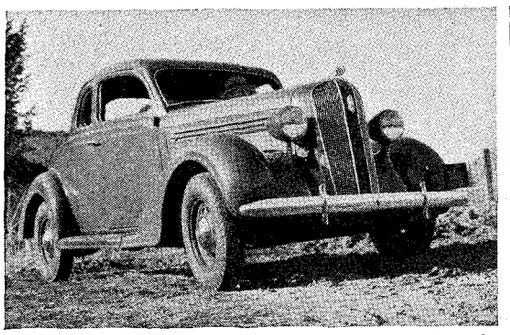
And it tells what *any one* can find out about this beautiful 1936 Plymouth by getting out on the road and driving it.

Before you buy any new car, do this...tell your Chrysler, Dodge or De Soto dealer *you* want to give this big, new Plymouth a tryout.

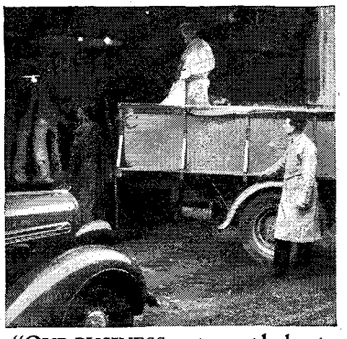
PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORP.

BUYER TOM CANTY (*left*). "And Plymouth is priced with the lowest!"

"WE KEEP ACCURATE RECORDS. They show that Plymouth saves money for us on *all* upkeep costs."



"MOUNTAIN ROADS...MAYBE NO ROADS...but always Plymouth's 100% Hydraulic brakes give safety."



"OUR BUSINESS costs must be kept down . . . Plymouth helps a lot."

Insist on the
Official Chrysler Motors
Commercial Credit Company
6% TIME PAYMENT PLAN
Available through all PLYMOUTH dealers
PAY $25 A MONTH—INCLUDING EVERYTHING
You pay for credit accommodation only ½ of 1% per month on your original unpaid balance. To arrive at your original unpaid balance: 1. Add cost of insurance to cost of car.* 2. Deduct down payment—cash or trade-in. Result is *Original Unpaid Balance.*
*In some states a small legal documentary fee is required

$510
And up, list at factory, Detroit—Special Equipment Extra

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

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